The Saturday Review of Literature

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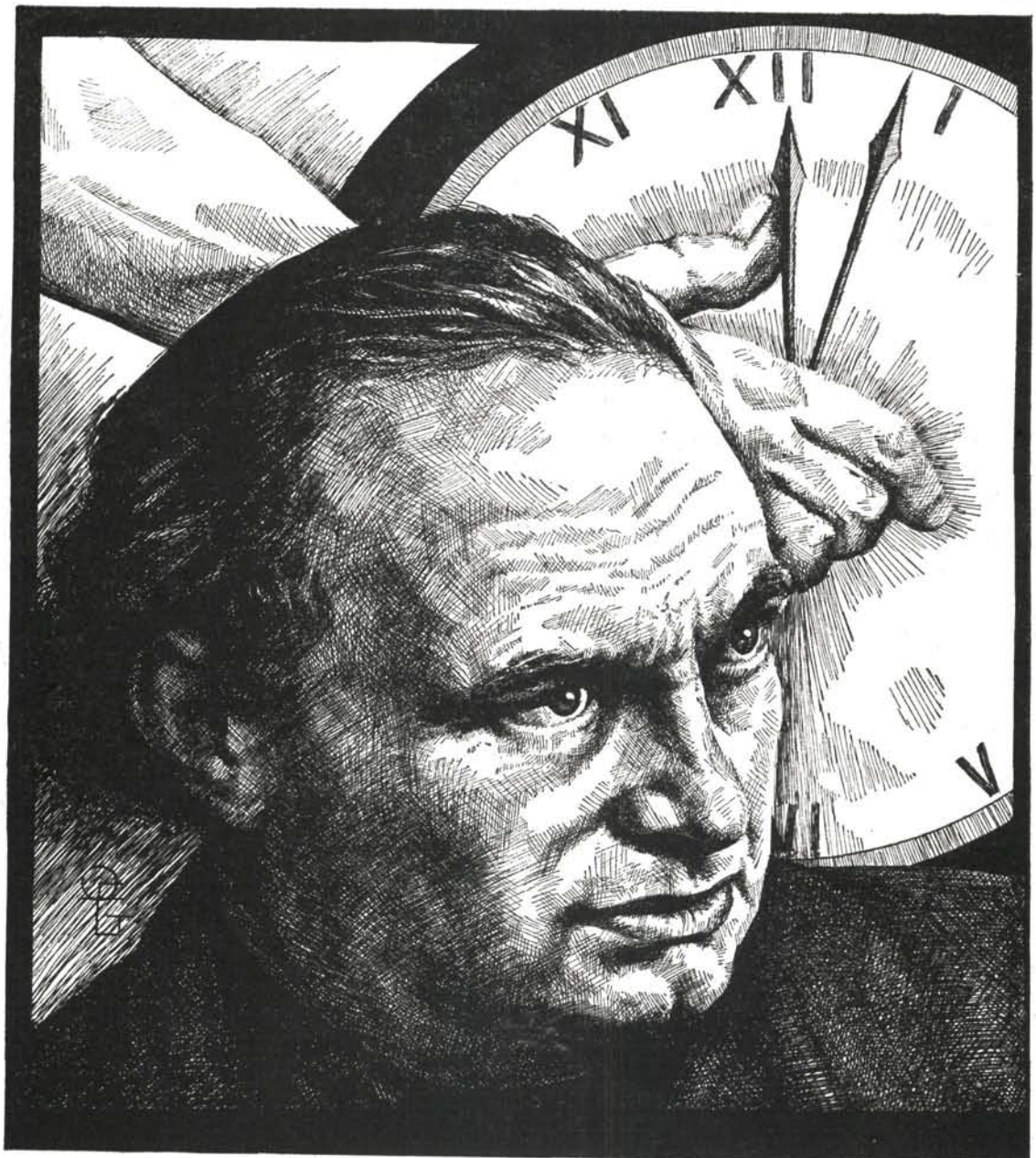

Franz Werfel, author of "Star of the Unborn." *(See page 7)*

Gentlemen: You Are Mad!

By LEWIS MUMFORD

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This Week

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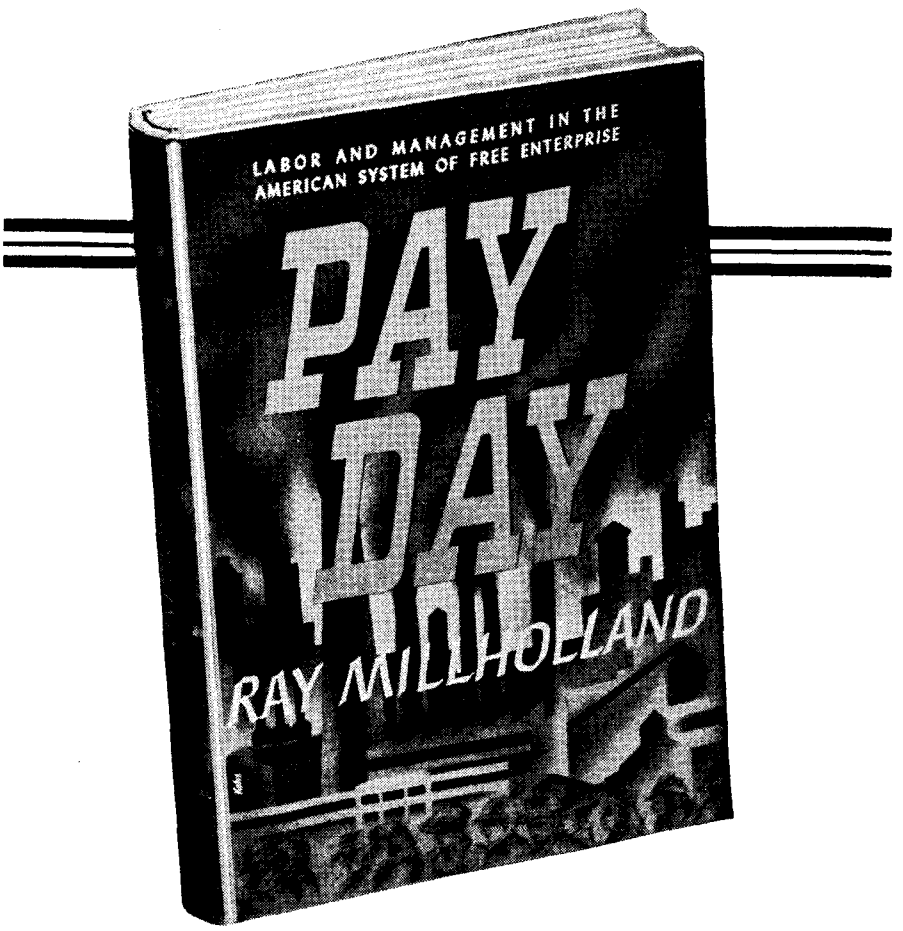
A six point program which may stop strikes—



Ray Millholland, author of the famous Blue Chips Haggerty stories in the *Saturday Evening Post*, has been a machinist, machine shop foreman, factory owner and labor expert with the War Labor Board. In PAY DAY he offers a six point program which may stop strikes – a long range plan for more intelligent industrial relations. Here is the book for the young man just entering business, for the forward looking labor leader, for everyone who wants a sound survey and a rational plan to end the confusion surrounding industrial strife. Chapter summaries make the book useful for ready reference.

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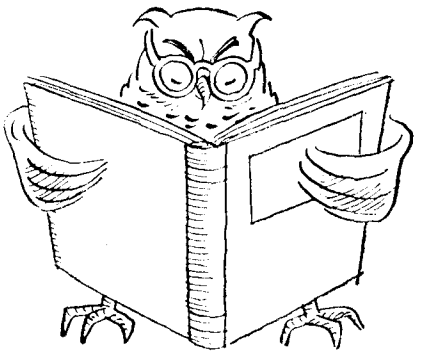

Not for the mush-minded

SOME KINDS OF BOOKS publish a lot easier than others. A nice rousing novel with a beautiful girl, a fresh and interesting setting, plenty of conflict and love-conquers-all-in-the-end and you have practically no problems except how to keep the opus in stock. Or with good challenging, controversial books of nonfiction about something everybody is talking about, the books sell themselves, and the advertisements come trippingly off the typewriter. A volume by Somebody with a Big Name who is writing on a theme of Social Significance, and the readers will be there and waiting in droves. These, for a publisher, are the pushovers. He need lose no sleep worrying over whether the people who ought to read them will do so. Sooner or later, practically everyone will read them . . .

But in our experience, at least, there are other and equally valuable books which are likely to miss all but a small fraction of the readers they should have, either entirely or for a long period of time. Once in a while when we are publishing poetry we think of the years of obscurity in which THE SHROPSHIRE LAD languished. The fate of Sir Halford J. MacKinder's DEMOCRATIC IDEALS AND REALITY still haunts us. By and large, the good books that run the greatest risks of oblivion are works of art, of poetry, and of wisdom. They are seldom mass-market books, and the publisher has a special obligation to find ways and means of getting them under the eyes of the people to whom they will matter most.

We have been trying to work out such a formula on one of our own Spring books which has that kind of importance for the people who will delight in it if they ever find it. It is a difficult problem because everything, from the promotional angle, is wrong with the book. For one thing, it is a collection of essays, and any bookseller will testify that people stay away from collections of essays in droves. For another, the book is a work of wisdom, and while there is a lot of lip service done to wisdom, more people will read Will Rogers in a week than Plato in a year. Wisdom is not only a scarce commodity, but a concentrated one, and if taken at all, it is likely to be swallowed in homeopathic doses . . .

Morris R. Cohen, who is the author of our book, has been one of the noblest and wisest of the liberal voices in America for more than a quarter of a century. His articles, which are now collected into a volume he has named THE FAITH OF A LIBERAL, are the distillation of a rich, inquiring, unorthodox mind which has cherished its own freedom and ranged across the whole cultural heritage of man. It is a mind with its own quiet and trenchant humor; for example, his writing is salted with such phrases as "Endowed as we are at birth with infinite ignorance—" or ". . . those mush-minded persons who, rather than make a definite choice between Heaven and Hell, cheerfully hope to combine the best features of each". His is the kind of mind which knows that not everything can be made easy but that anything can be made clear to a listener with ears to hear.

THE FAITH OF A LIBERAL is, we believe, a work of wisdom as well as a noble and humane affirmation. Certainly it will never be read by as much as one per cent of the people who need to read it. But our problem is not educational; we are not charged with the responsibility of improving any minds except our own. It is simply that we believe wisdom is important though wise men are few, and that today the liberal voice is in danger of going unheard in a world of absolutarians.

THE FAITH OF A LIBERAL

BY

Morris R. Cohen

AT ALL BOOKSTORES

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The Saturday Review of Literature

Gentlemen: You Are Mad!

LEWIS MUMFORD

WE in America are living among madmen. Madmen govern our affairs in the name of order and security. The chief madmen claim the titles of general, admiral, senator, scientist, administrator, Secretary of State, even President. And the fatal symptom of their madness is this: they have been carrying through a series of acts which will lead eventually to the destruction of mankind, under the solemn conviction that they are normal responsible people, living sane lives, and working for reasonable ends.

Soberly, day after day, the madmen continue to go through the undeviating motions of madness: motions so stereotyped, so commonplace, that they seem the normal motions of normal men, not the mass compulsions of people bent on total death. Without a public mandate of any kind, the madmen have taken it upon themselves to lead us by gradual stages to that final act of madness which will corrupt the face of the earth and blot out the nations of men, possibly put an end to all life on the planet itself.

These madmen have a comet by the tail, but they think to prove their sanity by treating it as if it were a child's skyrocket. They play with it; they experiment with it; they dream of swifter and brighter comets. Their teachers have handed them down no rules for controlling comets; so they take only the usual precautions of children permitted to set off firecrackers. Without asking for anyone's permission, they have decided to play a little further with this cosmic force, merely to see what will happen at sea in a war that must never come.

Why do we let the madmen go on with their game without raising our voices? Why do we keep our glassy calm in the face of this danger? There is a reason: we are madmen, too. We view the madness of our leaders as if it expressed a traditional wisdom and a common sense: we view them placidly, as a doped policeman might view with a blank, tolerant leer the robbery of a bank or the barehanded killing of a child or the setting of an infernal machine in a railroad station. Our failure to act is the measure of our madness. We look at the madmen and pass by.

Truly, those are infernal machines that our elected and appointed madmen are setting. When the machines go off, the cities will explode, one after another, like a string of firecrackers, burning and blasting every vestige of life to a crisp. We know that the madmen are still making these machines, and we do not even ask them for what reason, still less do we bring their work to a halt. So we, too, are madmen: madmen living among madmen: unmoved by the horror that moves swiftly toward us. We are thinking only of the next hour, the next day, the next week, and that is further proof that we are mad; for if we go on in this fashion, tomorrow will be more heavy with death than a mortuary.

Why has this madness seized us? Do not ask now; it is here. Have we then no sanity left that will give us strength to cry out against the madmen and contend with them? Have we not the power to stifle the infernal machines they have created and to baffle their preparations for the casual suicide of the human race? Has no one raised a hand to halt the madmen? Yes: here and there, in the gutters, on the rooftops, pushed through a grating, or slipped under a door by a silent hand, are the scrawls of a message, a frantic series of messages, addressed to all of us. These messages have been written by the greatest of the madmen, the men who invented the super-infernal machine itself; the men who, in the final throes of their dementia, were shocked back into sanity.

The shocked ones, the awakened ones, are the only people who show a normal awareness of danger, and the proof of this fact is that their frantic signals are dismissed as madness. The louder they shout to us, the more inaudible their voices become. The moment they awakened to the cosmic evil they had brought about, the awakened ones were bound over to silence by the watchful agents of the uniformed madmen. So they send us their messages in scattered fragments, or they whisper it to private ears in passing, since their keepers will not permit them to speak aloud in such a fashion that every man, woman, and child would understand their story and act for self-preservation.

The ruling madmen do not dare to let us read the whole message of the imprisoned ones, lest we be suddenly jolted into sanity. The President, the generals, the admirals, the administrators are afraid that their own madness might become more evident if the scattered words the awakened ones send us were to be put together and read as a single sentence. For the President, the generals, the admirals, and the administrators have lied to us about their infernal machine: they have lied by their statements and even more they have lied by their silences. They lie because it is no longer an infernal machine, but hundreds of infernal machines: presently no longer hundreds but thousands: these unrestrained madmen will soon have enough power to disembowel, with a push-button command, all the living spaces of mankind. Day by day the stockpiles of chaos grow larger.

—*Fitzpatrick in the* St. Louis Post-Dispatch

If We Don't Invent a Lasting Peace.

The power that the madmen hold is power of an order that the sane alone know that they are not sane enough to use. But the madmen do not want

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us to know that this power is too absolute, too godlike, to be placed in any human hands: for the madmen dandle the infernal machine jauntily in their laps and their hands eagerly tremble to push the button. They smile at us, these madmen: they pose for fresh photographs, still smiling: they say, being madmen, "We are as optimistic as ever," and their insane grin is prophetic of the catastrophe that awaits us.

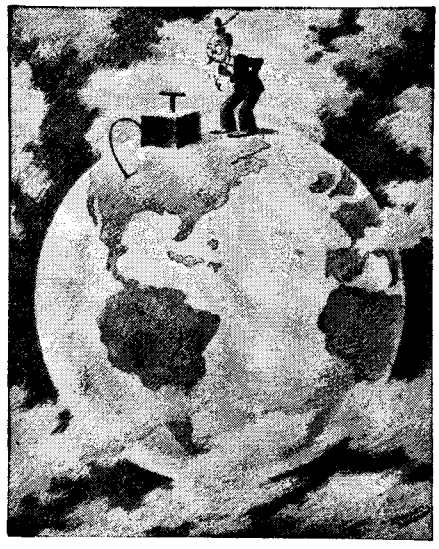
Lying to us about the secret that is no secret, the madmen also lie to themselves, to give their lie the further appearance of truth, and their madness the outward garb of sanity. Not knowing any other use for their machine but destruction, they multiply our capacities for destruction. Their every act is an act of madness; even now, in the middle of the Pacific Ocean, they plan a further madness, with a monkey-like curiosity to discover a new secret that is no secret. One mad act has led to a second mad act, the second to a third: and the end will be a morbid compulsion to achieve the last irretrievable act of world-madness—in the interests of security, peace, and truth.

THE madmen act as if nothing were happening, as if nothing were going to happen: they are taking the madman's usual precautions with the madman's usual confidence. But the awakened ones, those who are still the madmen's prisoners, know better than this. The pleading words they have guardedly sent us have been lying around for months, and only our paralyzed bodies and our dead minds have kept us from picking the fragments up and piecing them together. Let us read their plain message: it is the only warning we will ever have.

Here is the message of the awakened ones:

"The madmen are planning the end of the world. What they call continued progress in atomic warfare means universal extermination, and what they call national security is organized suicide. There is only one duty for the moment: every other task is a dream and a mockery. Stop the atomic bomb. Stop making the bomb. Abandon the bomb completely. Dismantle every existing bomb. Cancel every plan for the bomb's use; for these clever plans are based on stark madness. Either dethrone the madmen immediately or raise such a shout of protest as will shock them into sanity. We have seen the infernal machine in action, and we hold that this action is not for man to invoke.

"We know there is no quick way out of this madness, for the coöperation of mankind cannot be purchased cheaply by terror; but the first step, the only effective preliminary step, is



to put an end to the atomic bomb. You cannot talk like sane men around a peace table while the atomic bomb itself is ticking beneath it. Do not treat the atomic bomb as a weapon of offense: do not treat it as a weapon of retaliation: do not treat it as an instrument of the police. Treat the bomb for what it actually is: the visible insanity of a civilization that has ceased to worship life and obey the laws of life. Say that as men we are too proud to will the rest of mankind's destruction even if that madness could for a few meaningless extra moments save ourselves. Say that we are too wise to imagine that our life would have value or purpose, security or continuity, in a world blasted by terror or paralyzed by the threat of terror."

So reads the message of the awakened ones.

While the whole world writhes in a spasm of madness, let us in America be mad with a method, mad with a purpose. Let us say No to the atomic bomb rather than say No to life itself. Let us awaken the sleeping sanity of the peoples of the world by calling them together and showing them our guilty hands, our hands already stained with a madman's blood, still clenched in a madman's purpose, and then let us say these plain words:

"We have awakened. We are men once more. You have nothing to fear from us. We will dismantle our atomic bombs and allow you to put a guard over our stockpiles: America's sanity today shall be the world's sanity tomorrow. Whoever seeks to be sure as to our good intentions, let him come into our country, go where he pleases, and examine the most secret laboratories and factories. We have nothing to hide, except that which only madmen would continue to hide. With this act of faith, we have awakened from the nightmare of the infernal machine and our sleepwalking progress toward annihilation. Wake up! men and brothers on every continent. Let us all cease thinking that the cosmic power we hold is only a child's skyrocket. The atomic bomb is not for any of us to use—ever. Let us put it aside, as if it were unconceived and inconceivable. For we have nothing to fear from each other but our normal madness: the madness of those who would calmly bring the world to an end simply by dotting their i's and crossing their t's as they have always done. On any other terms but this common faith in our common cause, mankind is doomed."

MEANWHILE, the clockwork in the infernal machine ticks and the final day draws near. The time has come for action: the compulsive automatic motions of the madmen must be sternly halted. Let the awakened ones be ungagged, and let one of them be placed at the elbow of every man holding high public office, as the priest was once at the elbow of the king, to whisper the words "Humanity" and "One World" in the leader's ear, when he slips into the dead language of tribal isolation. The secret that is no secret must be laid open: the security that is no security must be yielded up: the power that is annihilation must give way to the power that is birth.

The first move toward sanity lies with us. Abandon the Atomic Bomb! Give it up! Stop it now! That is the only order of the day. When we have performed this duty the next step will be visible, and the next duty will add a new safeguard against the smooth automatism of the madmen. But we must be quick to overcome our own madness. Already the clockwork is ticking faster, and the end—unless we act with the awakened ones—is closer than anyone yet dares to think.

River

By Edith Warner Johnson

MAN toils on the banks of death
Knowing he must embark
At last on that alien tide
For the distant dark.

Unceasingly he calls
Across the waters of night,
Scanning the wan horizon,
Seeking a light.

Like a singing wave thrown back
From some mysterious shore,
He hears an answering echo,
Veiled and obscure.

Is it his own voice calling,
Or another's searching cry
Bridging the silent flood
In strange reply.

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The Secret of the Universe

STAR OF THE UNBORN By Franz Werfel. New York: The Viking Press. 1946. 645 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by HARRISON SMITH

IN the Fourth Earth Month of the Seven Hundred and Forty-second Sun-Week of the Third Evolution in the Eleventh Cosmic Capital Year of Virgo or, in the simple numerals of primitive man of today, in the year 101,945 A. D., a man whose initials were H. W. found himself walking rapidly under a glaring sun across an interminable flat landscape of gray turf accompanied by a twentieth-century friend who was oddly attired in a silken replica of a soldier of World War I. In this strange manner the reader enters into Franz Werfel's last great adventure, the "travel" book into time and space on which he had been working for years in this country as a Jewish exile who is supposed to have later adopted the Catholic faith.

Franz Werfel died in August 1945. During the period spent in rewriting "Star of the Unborn," he lived under sentence of death, in the full knowledge that this was to be his last work. He must, therefore, have regarded this work as his monument to posterity, a biography of his mind and a cry of warning and despair addressed to incorrigible humanity. This is a heavy burden for any book of fiction to carry, and the reader must judge for himself whether it bears the marks of a work of genius that will endure into the future or whether it is an elaborate literary "curiosity," filled with worthless pseudo-scientific speculation and murky philosophy. That it reveals unbounded imagination, lightning flashes of insight, and vast stores of knowledge cannot be denied.

But does it deserve a place, as its publisher states, "alongside the giants of literature," comparable to "Don Quixote" or "The Divine Comedy"?

Only in recent years could a book like this have been written, though there have been many imaginative explorations of the future. Even Edward Bellamy's "Looking Backward," written as late as 1888, has nothing to say of the atom, the airplane, the radio, or the hundred other miracles which are today commonplace and which have brought science into the realm of fiction, or vice-versa, and have provided a large market for the literature of scientific tales. To the readers of the many pulp magazines dealing with space ships, atomic power, voyages into time and space, trips to the stars or to the center of the earth, most of Mr. Werfel's book might be comprehensible enough. They can take in their stride a sentence like this: "I only visited planets and ascended with the lowest grade in school, instead of venturing into the higher and highest Intermundia with the Starrovers, Marvelers, and Foreign-feelers." The words Transshadow-disentegators, Uranographers, Chonosophers, Mutarians, Mentalobes, Catabolites, Astromentalists, Arachnodrones, may not be a stumbling block to the *afficionado* of this kind of out-of-the-earth literature, but the average reader of "Star of the Unborn" will find himself constantly tripping and falling flat on his astronomical face of his transglobal rear.

This epic voyage of the reconstructed body of Franz Werfel into the

year 101,945 has a plan, an idea, the magnificence of which slowly stupefies the reader. It confirms the truth of the oldest and deepest wisdom of the Catholic faith. Its central secret is that the universe is roughly shaped in man's image, that the small planet Earth is the heart of God's grandiose conception, in defiance of Galileo and his poor telescope. There is a hell under the earth's skin, created when the moon erupted from its parent body, into which mankind descends to be disintegrated; there is a heaven where the hierarchy of angels and cherubim play like shooting stars amongst the heavenly bodies. In fact, Mr. Werfel is rescued by an archangel from shipwreck on the planet Mercury, now renamed, as are all the planets, for one of the apostles or the saints. The Church still reigns over most of the astromentals who live in luxurious burrows under the gray sod.

We have left H. W. walking across the empty landscape and a recital of his adventurous three days in the hundred thousandth century is necessary. He has been brought back to earth to attend a wedding of Io-Do and Io-La in the elegant underground home of Io-Fagor. You must know that the astromentals live about two hundred years and that Io-Rasta, the great-great-grandmother of the bride, is present as naked and as bald as the rest of the family, and also a gentleman who bears the title of "Permanent Guest." All of these hairless folk appear to be no older than the beautiful bride, though if you look into ancestress Io-Fagor's eyes, you are apt to get a severe shock. No one has any work to do, everything is manufactured for them by the Worker and his aides by means of astral rays, and there are various magical contraptions, "mental wallpaper," the familiar Mentalobole, a small device that everyone carries about which moves to you the spot on the earth you wish to reach with the speed of light, and a daily "newspaper" which is printed by the stars every night. The entire life of these people is devoted to small courtesies, elegant conversation, and the avoidance of trouble. An occasional child is born after a marriage, which is truly a sacrament.

The wedding guest from man's earliest days arrives among these elegant people, attired in the spotted old dress suit in which he was buried, with a dirty handkerchief in his pocket. It is a difficult moment in the history of the Astromentals. Over the centuries an occasional Recidivist has been born with hair on his head and bad old thoughts in his brain. These have fled to places known as jungles, where there are still mountains and marshes and good green trees. There they have bred and erected towns and villages astonishingly like those of the twentieth century. They have plotted revolution against the Astromentals in spite of the death rays and other super-atomic devices of their enemies. After inspecting the workshops, the schools, the prodigious man-made, vitreous mountain under which the Starrovers and Foreign-feelers are trained to dart through the universe, H. W. takes a first flight with a group of schoolboys among the planets, thus furnishing the most exciting and marvelous chapter in the book.

There follows next a long philosophical and religious section in which H. W. converses at length with the Grand Bishop and with Minionman, the Jew of the Era, for there are only two religions left, that of Israel and that of Rome. Not one Astromental Baptist or Congregationalist remains on the earth, we regret to say. The Jews, you will be interested to know, live as well as their neighbors, but their houses or burrows are fronted by the slums of a European Ghetto, a conception which furnishes

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the author with an opportunity to discourse on poverty as a state of mind rather than as an external misfortune.

The climax of his experiences is the visit to the High Floater, an all-wise, all-powerful creature who spends his time clinging like a bat to the roof of his lofty dwelling and who will answer like a Greek sibyl the three questions that accredited visitors are entitled to ask him. To one, he replies: "We send out toward each other what stirs within us. Only the wise man perceives what is not to be perceived." To another question, he answers: "The dead are reunited. They do not know it, but they are in the midst of the secret." The last question, the flaming heart of this phantasmagoria, is worded in this way by the inquirer: "Do we live in the heart or navel of a human figure consisting of moving stars, and star nebulae, just as we consist of moving unicles, achads, and monads?" After an oppressive silence comes this awesome reply, "The whole has the shape of man." In these three earth-shaking replies the reader now knows the secret of the universe and of Mr. Werfel's mind in his final year.

The revolution begins when at a Sympaian, an ultramondial concert and symposium of incredible dreariness, the bridegroom, a bloody-minded creature, shoots another Astromental with an ancient but efficient Colt revolver. This bloody deed, unheard of in polite society, spreads to the Jungle, and the Recidivists make war on their superiors. The Astromentals flee in terror to the cavern of death, where in mephitic surroundings they disintegrate slowly to the youth, the baby, and the foetus until there remains only a fertilized ovum, which is promptly planted and becomes one of an immeasurably vast field of daisies. The disintegrators start to work on H. W. and his friend, but primitive man is too much for them, and they escape to the open air. But our hero's hours are now numbered, and he vanishes from the earth again in this extraordinary manner. We quote the last sentence of the 645th page: "Now the smile of the star dancer was very near me. He had hoodwinked them all, for between the half-opened eyelids I saw his roguish glance. And into this glance I strode until I knew no more." That this demise of the reincarnated Franz Werfel will remain for a long time the strangest death recorded in the history of literature is our profound conviction.

There remains only to be said that in his brief remarks on our own time Mr. Werfel appears to believe that the human being is incapable of salvation, that there will be a third World War which will destroy civilization for centuries, and then a fourth in which the opposing armies are annihilated in three minutes. But you may sigh with relief, this will be the last war until the revolution of 101,945 A. D.

If you have read half of Franz Werfel's memorable and powerful books, if you know only "The Forty Days of Musa Dagh" or "The Song of Bernadette," this final novel may shock and bewilder you. It has magnificent imaginative and poetic passages, but it is as cold and bloodless as outer space. Until the day comes when man has lost his heart and soul and has no longer power to laugh or weep, no one in his right senses will place it beside "Don Quixote" or "The Divine Comedy."

Too Black and Too White

MRS. PALMER'S HONEY. By Fannie Cook. New York: Doubleday & Co. 1946. 280 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by SARA HENDERSON HAY

THIS is a novel about America's oppressed minority, the Negro people, and their struggle to achieve social and economic justice and opportunity. It is not a picture of the rural Negro in the deep South, doubly chained by his own ignorance and helplessness in the grip of a system only a few jumps out of actual slavery, but a picture of the educated Negro of the industrial North and what he is doing to organize his political, social, and industrial rights to take a proper place as a citizen of a democracy which promises equality and justice to all.

Mrs. Cook is eminently qualified to write on the theme of the Negro-white question. She is a member of the Mayor's Committee on Race Relations in St. Louis, where her story takes place, and she is an advisor to the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. She herself is not a Negro, but she has a deep understanding of the Negro psychology. Her book is the first winner of the George Washington Carver Award. But she is a better propagandist than a story teller. The characters in her book emerge not so much flesh and blood people as figures in a drama, stock symbols of opposing forces. She has chosen as a focus for her theme Honey Hoops, a simple, kindly Negro woman whose life has been given first to caring for the children in the haphazard Hoops home in the colored section of St. Louis, and secondly to mothering her employer's family. Honey is the modern equivalent of the Mammy, until her brother, Lamb, becomes a union leader in the CIO. Mrs. Cook, through Honey's education into Lamb's way of thinking, her transition from domestic worker to factory job and CIO activities, covers the whole field of Negro thinking: its attitude toward the war, its relations to its employers, intermarriage, education, social equality, and segregation in colored neighborhoods.

The weakness of the book, it seems to me, is that the picture is too sharply black and white. Mrs. Cook has too obviously stacked the cards. Those white people who are not either CIO workers or labor organizers are stupid, unscrupulous "nigger-haters." That is, with the exception of Mr. Palmer, Honey's employer, who in the beginning of the book receives the First Citizenship Award for his efforts to better conditions for the Negroes of his city. Even in his case, however, all the emphasis seems to be laid on this particular facet of his humanity—whatever other attributes of kindness or tolerance he had are hardly mentioned. And he met his death early, due to the machinations of the only "bad" Negro in the entire cast, which is large.

Mrs. Cook falls short somewhere in her effort to make Honey a memorable character. It is because, I think, too many issues are brought in and the interweaving elements of the plot are sometimes difficult to follow. It is less a story of Honey's own personality, that of a warm-hearted woman whose love for individuals grew to embrace a cause, than it is a story of the CIO and its aims. Honey herself is merely the vehicle by which the activities of the CIO in its stand on the Negro's place in labor are presented. For all the essential poignance of Honey's own story, we lose sight of her as a person. The book remains primarily a propaganda document.

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Marx vs. Lenin

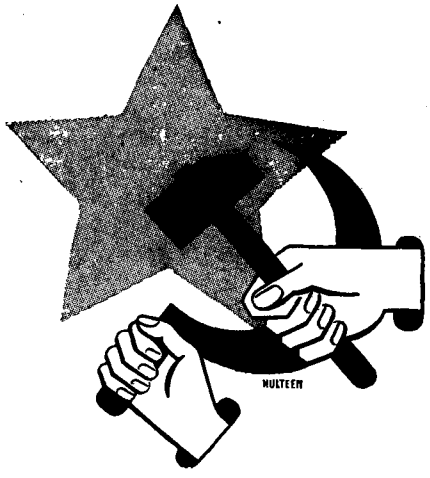
SOCIAL DEMOCRACY VERSUS COMMUNISM. By Karl Kautsky. Introduction by Sidney Hook. Edited by David Shub. New York: Rand School Press. 1946. 142 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by MILTON R. KONVITZ

THIS volume, comprising selections from the writings of Karl Kautsky published in German from 1932 to 1937, a year before his death at the age of eight-four, may be regarded, as Professor Sidney Hook says in his provocative introduction, as the author's political testament. "Penned in exile, shortly before his death, with an undimmed faith in the ideals of democratic Socialism, they are the distillation of a lifetime of wisdom on a subject of crucial importance to our era—the difference between Socialism and Communism." I would add that the book throws much light on the subject of which the difference between Socialism and Communism is only one significant phase; namely, whether a planned democratic society is possible, whether planning and democracy are compatible — a subject brought to the fore in our day by Hayek, Finer, Wooton, and other writers whose chief concern is not with the political and social philosophies of working-class parties. Persons interested in the controversy engendered by "The Road to Serfdom" should find helpful articulation of the problem in this little book by one who was recognized as a leader in Socialist thought for four or five decades.

Socialism and Communism, says Kautsky, are absolutely irreconcilable. While the former is the philosophy of Marx and Engels, the latter is a Leninist perversion. In the first place, Marx had no wish to create a body of inviolately sacred dogmas. Marxism is a process of learning, not a fixed set of tenets which are the result of an invariant process. Leninism (or Bolshevism or Communism), on the other hand, is a form of doctrinaire fanaticism, based on a belief in the possibility of absolute truths.

In the second place, Marx was opposed to opportunistic plots and putsches. The working class must be educated for freedom and free planning in a democratic society, where the people enjoy universal education and suffrage, freedom of speech, freedom of the press, freedom of assembly. If it attains power in such a society it will know how to keep and apply it in the building of a higher social order. In countries where the worker has political freedom, there is no need for him to resort to armed force as a means of attaining power. Where democracy is lacking, strife may be necessary to achieve democracy; but once democracy is achieved, it is only



through political and economic education and organizations that Socialism may be created. Democracy is a necessary precondition of Socialism and part of its essence. There can be no free, democratic Socialism (and Socialism must be free and democratic by definition) where the vast majority of the people do not want it; and where they do want it, in a country where they enjoy political democracy, they can have it by education, planning, and legislation. Leninism, on the other hand, reading Marx's phrase "the dictatorship of the proletariat" out of context, and corrupting its meaning, stands for a conspiratorial bureaucratic-military-police state machine, which fears democracy, destroys basic freedoms, and maintains a dictatorship by a few members of a careerist elite over the proletariat and over society as a whole.

As early as 1904, Kautsky points out, Rosa Luxemburg saw the danger in Lenin's Blanquist urge for a conspiratorial organization with unlimited dictatorial power for the leader and blind obedience of the members, with plans for a violent putsch in the foreground of interest, linked to a form of militarist thinking which relies upon victory in civil war rather than upon intellectual and economic advances by the masses. Thus, after political freedom was won for Russia by the revolution of March 1917, and when the All Russian Constituent Assembly, elected on the basis of universal suffrage, with the Socialist parties constituting an overwhelming majority, was in a position to institute democratic reforms and to begin the work of establishing Socialism to the degree permitted by the country's resources, but without terror, and only through the democracy of the workers and peasants who had given their mandate, Lenin, because the Bolsheviks had only about one-fourth of the Socialist seats, contrived, with the help of misguided soldiers and sailors, to dissolve the Assembly and to establish his Bolshevik dictatorship. Lenin thus erected his political power not on the ruins of czarism, but on the ruins of democracy.

From the standpoint of a Socialist program, says Kautsky, the Leninist coup was totally unnecessary. "All the innovations in the domain of social welfare in which the Communists take so much pride and which so greatly impress tourists," he writes, "would have been introduced by the majority of the Constituent Assembly." The Socialist parties had planned the confiscation of the big landed estates, abolition of illiteracy, marriage law reform, social welfare measures, children's homes, public hospitals, shop councils, unemployment insurance, and other laws for the protection of labor and the socialization of heavy industry—all these and other measures were planned while staying on the road to freedom. Force and dictatorship—"the road to serfdom"—were unnecessary because "democracy had been achieved. The workers and peasants were in power. The demands of labor could have been satisfied by democratic methods. . . . The rule of the overwhelming majority in the interest of the overwhelming majority does not require the use of brutal force in a democratic state in order to assert itself."

In the election to the Constituent Assembly 36,000,000 votes were cast, of which 32,000,000 were for the Socialist parties and only 4,000,000 for the bourgeois parties. But since the Bolsheviks had only 9,000,000 of the 32,000,000 Socialist votes, they could achieve dictatorial power only by liquidating the Assembly. "Hence, the abolition of all democratic rights of masses, ergo the terror." It was the necessary consequence of the rule of a minority over the great majority of the people.

For similar reasons Lenin later attempted to split (and succeeded in splitting) Socialist forces outside of Russia. He organized the Third International to serve as the agent of Russian Bolshevism in other countries and to break up the Second (Socialist) International. "The Com-

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munists," says Kautsky, "devoted all their energies to the destruction of the Social Democratic parties, the free trade-unions, and the coöperatives." This has led to a weakening of the labor movement as a whole throughout the world.

Karl Kautsky was a keen student of Russia all his life. The material advances made by the U.S.S.R. never caused him to waver in his conviction that "it is not technical and economic innovations but the human aspects of a society that matter." He knew that the Roman Caesars and the Rajahs of India and other despots had also astonished the world with remarkable performances—by using the labor of millions of cheap slaves. State slavery, whether known as Communism or by any other name, is state slavery. "Not by bread alone" still plays a role in the faith of a free man.

Just a Nation of Human Beings

CHINA IN THE SUN. By Randall Gould. New York: Doubleday & Co. 1946. xii + 404 pp. $3.50.

Reviewed by VARIAN FRY

CHINA is a patient and long-suffering country. It has suffered not only from the depredations of Western empires and the attacks of greedy neighbors; from the pilferings of corrupt officials and the plunderings of powerful war lords; from the plague of its gross overpopulation and the poverty of its people. It has suffered also, and in some ways perhaps almost as catastrophically, from the efforts of many foreigners who like to think of themselves as its best friends.

Among these "friends" are the authors of a large proportion of the books and articles about China which have been published in the last twenty-five years. Far too often those books and articles have been written by men and women who either knew very little about their subject or saw it through glasses of a very special color.

Randall Gould is not one of these. He admits himself that he is an "Old China Hand" (though the title has unhappy connotations), for he has lived in China, and worked there as a journalist, for more than two decades; and he not only knows a great deal about China, its people and its recent troubled history, but on all the controversial issues he tries to be completely fair.

China, Mr. Gould says, is no mystery, despite the efforts of its foreign author-friends to make it seem so. It is a nation of human beings who are basically much like other human beings. To be sure, some of China's customs and traditions differ so sharply from ours that they strike us as strange and inexplicable. But a little patient inquiry, Mr. Gould believes, will generally reveal an explanation as plausible to the Occidental as it is to the Chinese.

It is in this spirit of patient inquiry that "China in the Sun" has been written. The result is inevitably a book which is more instructive than entertaining (in contrast to many more popular books on China), though it is by no means devoid of efforts to make it light and readable. There are chapters on the history of modern Nationalist China, on the problem of the Kuomintang versus the Communists, on Soviet Russia, Japan and the United States ("Uncle Chump from Over the Hump") in their recent relations with China, on China's smaller neighbors, on the Chinese military potential, on industrialization and the land, on China's new economic policy, on the future of Christian missions in China, on Chinese censorship and American military censorship in China, and on China's future place in the world of tomorrow.

Of all these many subjects, the one of greatest current interest is of course the rivalry between the Kuomintang and the Chinese Communists. Mr. Gould's treatment of it is a model of objectivity. "From the outset of any consideration the Kuomintang must command sympathy from an impartial investigator," he writes, for "it has been the historic party of revolution, so described by Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek," and its record of achievement is a strong argument in its favor. If it has long exercised a one-party dictatorship,

Randall Gould, "an 'Old China Hand,' tries to be completely fair."

the fact that China was menaced simultaneously by threats from without and threats from within mitigates if it does not entirely excuse that violation of a fundamental democratic principle. And so on.

As for the "pistol-packing Communists," though they too established a one-party dictatorship in the areas under their control, they also brought to those areas "relative prosperity and improved standards of life for the people" at a time when the areas under the Kuomintang were suffering from the effects of blockade and inflation. And so on.

Yet, with all his efforts to be fair, not only to the various contending parties in China, but also to the other powers, great and small, with interests in that huge country, and with all his knowledge of its history and its people, Mr. Gould leaves his reader with the impression that he is not only a trifle naive but also more than a trifle Pollyannaish. Perhaps it was his desire to avoid sensationalism which led him to play down the nastier aspects of the long Kuomintang-Communist conflict, not only the mass executions of Communists by the Kuomintang, which André Malraux described so powerfully in "Man's Fate," but also the equally ruthless suppression of their political opponents by the Communists. The result is a serious oversimplification, for it gives the impression that the controversy is one which can be settled in an atmosphere of sweet reasonableness. The record of our own Civil War should have taught Mr. Gould that the bitterness engendered by years of bloody fratricidal strife is not so easily overcome.

Mr. Gould also refuses to see any connection between the activities of the Chinese Communists and the foreign policy of the Soviet Union. And this is the greatest weakness of his book, for it leads him to a grotesquely over-optimistic conclusion. The conclusion is that what Russia does in China will depend entirely upon what the Chinese themselves succeed in doing to achieve democracy and so union.

Unfortunately, despite Mr. Gould and many other writers on China, the Chinese Communist Party is like all the other Communist parties of the world: from Russia's point of view, at least, it is a mere instrument of Russian foreign policy, and can be used to prevent China from achieving democracy, and so union, and has been so used in the past, if that suits Russia's plans. In the circumstances it hardly seems realistic to say, as Mr. Gould does, that "things are therefore pretty much up to the occupants of the Chinese

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house." If Mr. Gould had not buried himself for so many years in the details of Chinese internal affairs, he might have seen portents in the recent experiences of Finland, Poland, Rumania, Bulgaria, and Iran which would lead him to take a less confident view of China's and the world's future.

It is a great pity that a book so admirable in so many respects as "China in the Sun" should be marred by such a grievous fault. In the writing of contemporary history and the forecasting of the future, ignorance of some of the relevant facts can be quite as dangerous as their deliberate suppression. It is not enough to be an "expert" on a single country. One must also know a great deal about the policies, practices, and ultimate designs of all the other countries which impinge upon it. And on top of this one must be very worldly-wise.

"China in the Sun" proves that Mr. Gould knows a very great deal about China, and that he tries conscientiously to be fair. It does not prove that he knows much about Communist Russia. Nor does it prove that he is very worldly-wise.

Impressions from the Capital

WASHINGTON TAPESTRY. By Olive Ewing Clapper. New York: Whittlesey House. 1946. 303 *pp.* $2.75.

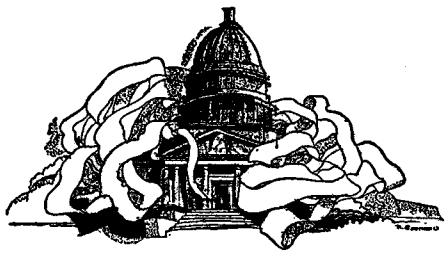
Reviewed by E. K. PHELPS STOKES

HISTORY has been making at such a fast rate, the filling in of the background and color scarcely has begun. Sometimes the background is composed of trivia; or the color is just wash, but finally all contributes to the composition. The late Raymond Clapper must have been conscious of the need for much afterthought when he took time from his overcrowded days as Washington commentator to set down in private diaries further impressions of the scene. Of his daily work, Mrs. Clapper writes: "He leaned over backward to force himself to be neutral." This could not have been easy. Party government in Washington at times seems more important than salvation itself.

Mrs. Clapper in writing "Washington Tapestry," partly from voluminous notes left by her husband, touches upon many sides of the political scene without bias. She herself is a writer and public speaker. Raymond Clapper was head of the United Press in Washington, a one-time president of the Gridiron Club, and friend of many public men who gave him their confidence. How much of the text of "Washington Tapestry" is taken directly from his notes and what part is comment and personal anecdote from the experiences of Olive Clapper is not clear but whatever the division of the co-authorship, there are sparkling and revealing sidelights upon public officials, such as the following:

Herbert Hoover: "As Admiral Grayson remarked to my husband, 'Hoover is a worrier, has to read himself to sleep at night. That's not the kind of man you want for a long race.' . . . Hoover was a real executive. No President had ever worked harder. There were no afternoon naps upstairs in the White House for him, no wandering off from the worries of Washington to junket with a band of cronies. . . ."

Secretary Ickes: "He had closed his law office and wanted to go into public service. He wanted to be



Indian Commissioner or, if that were too ambitious, he shyly admitted to his friend, Newton Jenkins, he'd be willing to be Assistant Indian Commissioner. Mr. Jenkins said, 'Why not aim high, Harold, and be Secretary of the Interior?' "

Warren Harding: "My husband was told by a friend the remarkable story of the night before his inauguration. The President-Elect and Mrs. Harding were occupying the presidential suite at the Willard Hotel. Harding's friends were worried about the arrival that night at the hotel of one of his lady friends. . . . They cautioned Harding to stay in his room. . . . Then they went upstairs, knocked on the lady's door, and ordered her to pack and get out of town."

Calvin Coolidge: "On warm summer nights his predecessors had enjoyed sitting in splendor on the south portico of the White House. Cal's favorite pastime was to sit in a straight-backed rocker on the small north porch so that he could intently watch the streetcars go past the White House. . . . Coolidge felt that every one wanted the government to go into the other fellow's business but stay out of his own. He laughed as he recalled how, when he was President, a delegation from the Chamber of Commerce would come in bearing in one hand a petition to reduce taxes, and, in the other, recommendations for large projects which would cost plenty of taxpayers' money."

Franklin Roosevelt: "My husband often said, 'Greatness is partly in the man, partly in the times.' Each of the four sincere men who preceded Franklin D. Roosevelt had tried to meet the requirements of his time. But occasionally some of our greatest men are whipped by the times. Roosevelt himself came close to being whipped by the stubborn unemployment problems and the hatred he aroused in the big business group."

Frances Perkins: "She managed to juggle Bill Green and John L. Lewis fairly well, keeping them both mollified, but she said that John L. Lewis was the only one 'Mamma can't spank.' She saved President Roosevelt the dilemma of choosing between an A.F.L. or a C.I.O. man for the Labor Cabinet post, by the simple expedient of staying there herself."

Secretary Wallace: "The Cabinet member who interested me most as I came to know him, and whose career may have the greatest impact in the next ten years on our nation, was Henry Wallace—simple and humble outwardly, complex inwardly. . . . Wallace remained ever faithful to Roosevelt, principally because Roosevelt was the voice of Wallace's liberalism. . . . He was the St. Paul of Roosevelt's career."

Harry Hopkins: "In a small, bare office—such as any self-respecting vice president of a third-rate corporation would be ashamed to be seen in—you would find a thin wiry man named Harry Hopkins. His shirt would be open and a glass of ice water would be in front of him. . . . President Roosevelt's humanitarian impulses were strengthened and implemented by Harry Hopkins. From him the President obtained the idea of dramatizing the one-third of our people, which he described as 'ill-fed, ill-clothed and ill-housed.' "

Cordell Hull: "Reciprocal trade agreements . . . in nine years he had succeeded in making agreements with some 20 countries, which represented 60 per cent of our total imports and 57 per cent of our exports. It was a remarkable success. Given a reasonable orderly world, Hull's arrangements might have produced the long-range answer to world peace and recovery, but he was not given that orderly world."

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The "Secret War" Against U.S.S.R.

THE GREAT CONSPIRACY. By Michael Sayers and Albert E. Kahn. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1946. 414 pp. $3.50.

Reviewed by FRANCIS HACKETT

IT is generally understood that the Soviet Union struggled up the hard way, and the two industrious authors of this book have written it to prove it. Up to 1914 the highest of white collar activities was diplomacy. Its chief operators had to combine a civil manner with uncivil underhand method, and this book probes beneath the tradition of suavity in power politics to expose "the secret war against Soviet Russia." By peeling off the skin and showing the raw musculature of power politics, they make a case that may shock anyone who takes Rubinstein, Pond, and Arden as true guides to the beauties of international conduct as directed by men in power. It has plenty of surprise, violence, and murder in it.

Messrs. Sayers and Kahn carry weighty endorsements on the back of "The Great Conspiracy." Joseph E. Davies says their case is "exhaustive, authentic and fully documented." He also, by the way, says that Vishinsky is "calm, dispassionate, intellectual and able and wise." Mr. Davies uses words less for their legal validity than for the contours they sketch on impressionable minds.

"Around midnight on the freezing night of January 18, 1918," one of these brisk chapters begins, "a handsome young Scot wrapped in furs groped his way by the light of a lantern across a partly shattered bridge between Finland and Russia." It sounds like authentic Oppenheim. This young Scot, described as "handsome" three times on the page, was a child of privilege going "to exploit for British ends the opposition movement which had already arisen within the Soviet Government." Does not Bruce Lockhart, the handsome Scot, say so himself? Was he not a British agent? This is the sort of thing that Professor F. L. Schuman calls "sober fact, documented and indisputable."

To build up the international machinations against the infant Soviet, Sayers and Kahn have utilized a whole library of "documents" such as these: "Britain's Master Spy, Sidney Reilly's Narrative Written by Himself, Edited and Compiled by His Wife"; Savinkov's "Memoirs of a Terrorist"; Sadoul's "The Socialist Republic of Russia." They touch on Winfried Ludecke's "Secrets of Espionage," Richard Wilmer Rowan's "Terror in Our Time," George Hill's "Go Spy the Land" and "Dreaded Hour." They make excellent copy of Winston Churchill's taking Savinkov to see Lloyd George at Chequers, though it seems picayune to say "*sic*" after

"St. Just" when they misspell Lassalle themselves, but more important to the reader is how these confessions can be taken as "sober fact, documented and indisputable" without deep investigation and control. Certainly the authors have not the slightest reluctance to impugn unsupported testimony by a Jan Valtin when it suits their argument. "'Out of the Night' bore a startling resemblance to an anti-Soviet propaganda book which was being currently circulated in Nazi Germany. In preparing the book for publication in the United States, Krebs was assisted by the American journalist Isaac Don Levine, a veteran anti-Soviet propagandist and a regular contributor to the Hearst Press." If this is the proper sauce for Jan Valtin, how is it that the authors swallow as "sober fact" so much else that is without corroboration?

This book never fails to slight the character of a hostile witness. Thus Alexander Barmine is branded as "a Soviet renegade." William Henry Chamberlin is "a Hearst feature writer whose views about the trials appeared under the title 'The Russian Purge of Blood' in the Tokyo propaganda organ *Contemporary Japan*." As for Trotsky, he becomes the Axis Fifth Column. The authors of "Sabotage!" write as if the mere thought of sabotage and a fifth column never even crossed the mind of a Leninist.

Lenin, not being in the least suave, made no bones about tricks and compromises in the interests of the workers. In his letter to the American workers, 1918, he stuck to his theme that the British-French imperialist vultures were engaged in a struggle to determine which of the "great robbers," British or German, would plunder colonies, slaughter nations, and rule the world. Lenin did not pose as an injured innocent against whom there was a "great conspiracy." He never tried to nail his opponents to bourgeois morals while he himself disavowed their goodwill and chucked their morals overboard. What he avowed, and what Winston Churchill and the secret agents set out to counter, was a bitter project of international revolution. The handsome young Scot on the shattered bridge was a symbol of all that had been broken between Finland and Russia. Lenin repudiated the "despicable and bloody lie about the defence of the fatherland," the sentiment on which Messrs. Sayers and Kahn based the patriotic appeal of their book "Sabotage!" Lenin classed Woodrow Wilson with Kaiser Wilhelm. He took the First World War as a greedy struggle "between two gangs of imperialist pirates," wholly useless from the point of view of the interests of the toilers, of the oppressed and exploited masses. For them, he frankly proclaimed to the leaders of bourgeois states, the only way out was revolution, civil war, a war of the oppressed against the oppressors, "the only struggle which always, in history, accompanies not only war but every revolution of any importance, the only war that is legitimate, just, and holy."

Lenin's break with the goodwill that then obtained in power politics was a deliberate one. He preached holy war. "Without such a war there can be no liberation from imperialist slavery." "There is no way out of it except international revolution." It was in view of this explicit ideology, this challenging faith, that the vultures, the pirates, the robbers, did their level best to scrap the Soviet revolution. They were later to scrap Hitler and Mussolini for another kind of defiance, and this time Lenin's Russia lined up alongside Winston Churchill in something that had been an "imperialist war" some months previous.

The Sayers-Kahn book is written by the romantic light of a red star that died some years ago. It should be clear at the present juncture that Russia has emerged from "the great conspiracy" into the great society and the great competition. While Messrs. Sayers and Kahn dwell on antagonism, open and covert, which once greeted Russia's overthrow of an organized government on class lines,

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the problem today has shifted. Russia is now itself an imperialism, using "tens of thousands of advanced and steeled proletarians, tempered enough ruthlessly to cast out of their midst and shoot all those who allow themselves to be 'tempted,'" but working with due regard to power politics. Raymond Robins sees no problem in this. "Stalin's policies have wiped out racial, religious, national and class antagonisms within the Soviet territories," he is quoted at the end. The operations on these antagonisms have been successful, no doubt, but the Kulaks and the Poles have died. Thus the "great conspiracy" enters a new phase. Its victims are still the weak, but Russia is no longer the exploited. Messrs. Sayers and Kahn are joining Walter Lippmann, the *Atlantic Monthly*, a Warburg, and several Lamonts on a bandwagon. It is now the Poles and other "reactionaries" who are oppressed and conspired against. That takes considerable edge off any appeal to bourgeois conscience on behalf of anti-bourgeois revolution.

The Coming Social Revolution

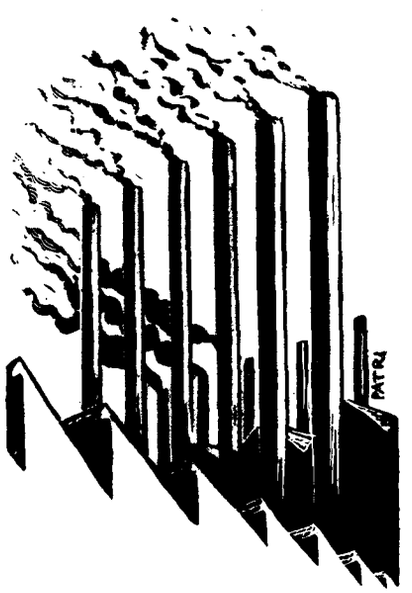
MANIFESTO FOR THE ATOMIC AGE. By Virgil Jordan. New Brunswick: Rutgers University Press. 1946. 70 *pp.* $1.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM S. LYNCH

DEMOCRACY as we know it is a political conception of the eighteenth century, when there were no railways or steamships, no mass production. That conception came from middle-class traders. It has undergone a profound transformation with the creation of what Jordan calls "the coal-iron-gold as is" within a frame of machine power controlled by great corporations, money wages, money profit, credit, savings, and investment. Now that a way has been found to release the immense energy stored within the uranium atom we must expect another social revolution, a revolution which will have as profound an effect, if the scientists are right, as the introduction of the steam-engine and mass production ever had. What, then, is the economic outlook?

Jordan answers this question by examining the past history of technology and the economic effect of technological change. The machine broke the power of unlimited feudal government, he thinks. Vast populations were freed from local bondage to the soil and gained larger purchasing power. Now comes this new knowledge of the atom. Jordan rightly interprets nuclear physics not in terms of energy (we utilize enormous amounts) but in terms of chemistry, a command over matter which will give us everything that we want and which must ultimately dissolve the monetary mechanism of exchange of goods, and fixed, long-term investment in plant or property. We must ultimately face an increasing and almost effortless method of production, with an increasing proportion of the output bought for collectionistic use. The old system of foreign trade and international struggle for markets and raw materials will become meaningless since every industrialized country will be self-sufficient through synthetic chemistry. Work, even mental labor, will be worth little because the main economic problem will be that of keeping the population occupied and amused. The state will therefore become all-powerful.

Jordan holds that we must seek salvation in biological and spiritual ideals. But populations in the West are declining and nothing can save them unless the scientists hatch babies in test-tubes. Even then the problem of coping with sheer boredom will not be solved. Possibly men will be compelled to seek compensation in spiritual security as they did in the Middle Ages. Pessimistic Mr. Jordan believes that there is not too much hope here because "men's life and work, their ideas, aspirations and action seem everywhere rigidly framed between the inexhaustible atom and the unlimited state and move between electrons and elections." For the state will control everything and everyone. The labor problem will become more and more an economic problem of distribution and marketing and a political problem of discipline and morale. Our Full Employment Act indicates what is already happening without benefit of atomic transmutations. The alchemy that splits the atom is already atomizing man and transforming him into a kind of commercial molecule.



Jordan offers no solution of the problem that he analyzes, except in a possible renaissance of spirituality. His discussion might have been written without any reference to the atom. The trend toward collectivism and toward state control of all human activities has long been evident. It seems to this reviewer that science and the machine have raised the issue that we must face. The control of energy and hence of production has given corporations an enormous hold on whole populations. Democracy will have to fight hard if it is to save itself in its eighteenth-century egalitarian form. The corporations are planners and executors; their managers, though unaware of it, are fascists at heart. On the one hand we have these highly competent managers with their technological command over matter and energy and on the other hand Congresses and Parliaments that know nothing of technology. It is a struggle, then, for political and economic power between a democratically educated but technologically incompetent electorate and corporation executives who have a plan and who know how to work it. Either the government must step in and control the economic and social life of a country or leave the corporations to develop in accordance with what they worship as free enterprise and reduce a whole population to serfdom. Fascism and communism have their own solutions of this problem — economic solutions. Democracy is not necessarily doomed. But it will have to adapt itself to science and the machine, which means that it must retain the Bill of Rights but work more and more toward economic equality. In any event the state must assume more and more control in this process of adaptation with the result that humanity will become more and more standardized, with less chance for the individual who chooses to be "different" in thought and action from his fellows.

All this was undoubtedly in Jordan's mind when he wrote his thoughtful and provocative essay. But the accomplishments of the atomic physicists are only part of a trend which has been apparent for a century. Jordan's manifesto deserves the consideration of every business man for the simple reason that it crystallizes in a few pages the social and economic philosophy of our time.

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Haji Baba's Stamping Ground

IRAN. By Dr. William S. Haas. New York: Columbia University Press. 1946. 273 pp. $3.50.

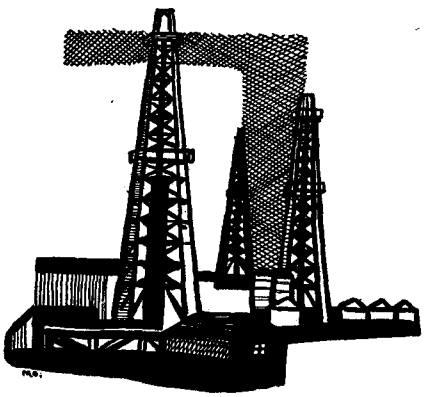
Reviewed by W. H. HINDLE

IT is a rare pleasure for an Iranophile to come upon such a book as this. Dr. Haas does not throw much direct light upon the present troubles in Iran. He does, however, draw a sympathetic picture of a country which has suffered more than most countries from unsympathetic representation; and thereby he gives human reality to what too often seems a remote and somewhat unreal problem in power politics.

Misrepresentation of Iran is a fashion of respectable age. James Morier began it a century ago with "Haji Baba of Isfahan," that picaresque story of a land of fools, poltroons, and downright scoundrels. The pattern of Iranian half-truths, which Morier set, has been closely followed right up to our own times. A very recent traveller in Iran (who appears to have spent all of a dozen days there) sweepingly and elegantly described its people as "the scum of the earth."

Dr. Haas is no such twelve-day tourist. He lived in Iran for five years, and has travelled all over the country for the Iranian Ministry of Education. A number of asides show that his travels brought him into contact with the physical, mental, and moral corruptions evident in Iran today as they were in Haji Baba's time. But he has had the good sense to look beyond this immediate evidence to the very individual, highly civilized, often noble, and always tragic character which lies beneath. In a series of discursive chapters on Iranian psychology, religion, society, and the like, he displays this character admirably.

It is one of the minor misfortunes of the singularly unfortunate Iranian people that they are commonly classed with, and as, Arabs. Palestinian propagandists, both Zionist and anti-Zionist, especially delight to point to a small island of Jews in a vast sea of Arabs stretching all the way from Iran through the truly Arab countries (often throwing in non-Arab Turkey for good measure as well). In fact, the Iranians are almost as little Arab as the present reviewer, who believes himself to be pure Anglo-Saxon (whatever that may be). They are Aryans and were civilized before Mohammed, before Christ, even before the ancient Greeks, who did not disdain to borrow ideas and wives from them. It is true that they were once overrun by the Arabs (and by the Mongols and in our own times by Europeans) and forcibly converted to Islam. Yet, through conquest and conversion, they have always preserved a remarkable national individuality and identity.



A partial explanation of this national survival is to be found in the twist Iranians gave to the Islamic religion. On this Dr. Haas has much of interest to say. The Iranians are Shi-ites, that is to say of the schismatic branch of Islam which believes the true faith to reside in Ali, cousin and also son-in-law of the Prophet. Ali and his descendants were martyred; and Dr. Haas believes that Iran adopted the Shi-ite creed as

> a defensive measure. . . . No doubt in the recesses of their souls the Persians (Iranians) identified themselves with the persecution and martyrdom of Ali and his house. They too were a defeated and humiliated people whose rights and deepest convictions had been violated and trodden upon. At the same time their fate derived from that of the Alides a sort of consecration and they could cherish the hope that just as Ali and his sons had obtained heavenly bliss because of their martyrdom, so they might hope for a brighter future.

It would have been interesting to go on from this point to a thorough consideration of Iranian reaction to Anglo-Russian rivalry for control of the Middle East. It is at least a reasonable presumption that the continuing Iranian sense of martyred frustration, not less than the apparent Iranian hedonism—

> One moment in annihilation's waste
> One moment of the well of life to taste—

are due also to Iran's unfortunate position as a football between Britain and Russia. Possibly out of consideration for countries which were still at war with the Axis when his book was written, Dr. Haas has not stressed this aspect of Iranian history. It is a gentlemanly way of dealing with allies, but it may be doubted whether it will lead to a complete understanding of Iran's present difficulties. The Iranian art, literature, and religion, which Dr. Haas describes with great skill and sympathy, have formed Iranian character in the past. Failing a full, operative world organization, it is Great Power rivalry—and oil—which are likely to decide Iran's character for the future.

There are a number of illustrations in Dr. Haas's book which might have been better chosen and more accurately described. The picture of Bakhtiari chieftains, for example, was taken twenty years ago, before Riza Shah dressed them in soft felt hats. The picture of Rayy is said to show also "a modern oil refinery," which is in fact the Teheran cement factory.

Future Sky

By Alfred Kreymborg

WHEN all the world's stupidity
Goes blundering through the soul
And power descends as madmen do
To an egocentric hole,

And prospects of cupidity
Recall the brutal sty
Where skeletons, living skeletons,
Stare through a hopeless eye,

What can one do, what showering song
Can bomb this world apart
And reach all people like myself
Who followed a peaceful art?

Silence holds my body down,
Darkly I fumble and cry,
And pray for a deeper strength than mine.
To save our future sky.

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Presidents in Shirt Sleeves

STARLING OF THE WHITE HOUSE. As told to Thomas Sugrue by Col. Edmund W. Starling. New York: Simon and Schuster, Inc. 1946. 327 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by CRERAR HARRIS

BACKSTAIRS biography, woven from informal snapshots of eminent men caught in their unguarded moments, profits from an almost unfair advantage over the panoply of full-dress memoirs and authorized history. The proverbial and perennial fascination of shirt-sleeve anecdotes from famous lives springs from the homespun magic with which they discard awe and dissolve rumor and fable to reveal the fallible man as his family and intimate retainers best know him. Whether that man is a hero to his valet may be a touchstone of history's judgment; meanwhile it is a source of insight, enlightenment—and overwhelming interest.

Posterity, and the biographers who serve it, should be grateful that Col. Edmund W. Starling lived in the White House almost from Roosevelt to Roosevelt; grateful, too, that Thomas Sugrue happened to become his friend and Boswell. The spoken recollections of a trained, privileged observer and gifted raconteur, fixed in print by one of the ablest reporters of our time, preserve and combine the felicity of both. The result is a treasurable book with three outstanding aspects: our most comprehensive and revealing collection of episodic sidelights on the lives of Presidents; a gripping story of our times that swings from paroxysmal comedy to throat-catching tragedy, and the incidental portrait — and judgments—of an authentic American gentleman who apotheosized the glamor of the Secret Service.

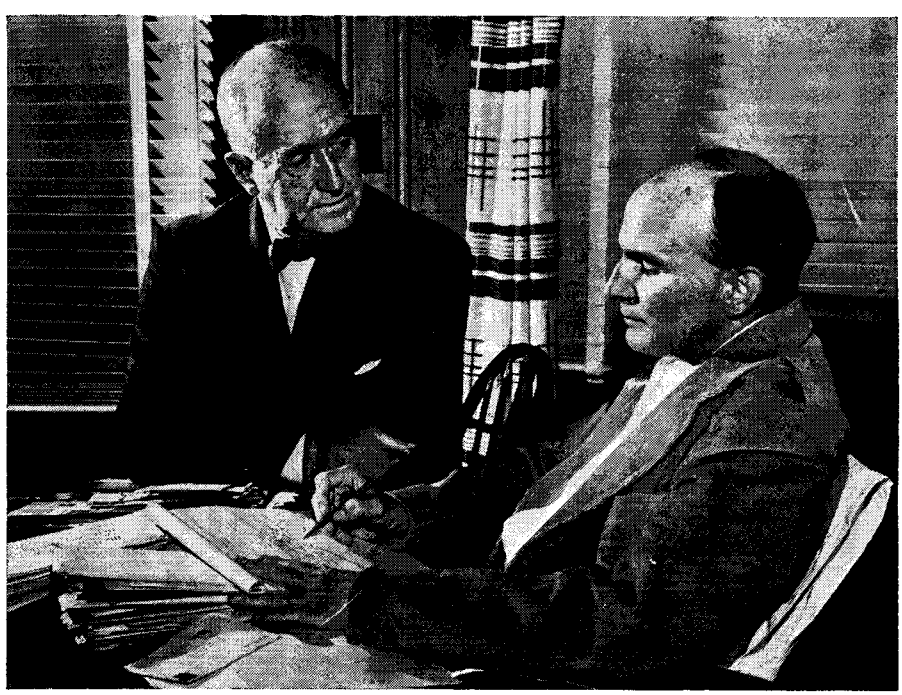
Colonel Starling, born to his title in the Kentucky hills, imbibed the germ of his career when he served briefly as an emergency bodyguard for the redoubtable "T.R." during a rough-and-tumble apprenticeship as a railroad detective in the South. He joined the White House detail of the Secret Service just after Woodrow Wilson had completed his fateful migration from cloistered Princeton to the arena of world politics. From that moment, through a thirty-year span that included the first phase of the New Deal, he was continuously a watchman, companion, confidant, and critical observer of the successive Presidents. Hardly an incident in their routine lives escaped him: some poured out their problems and troubles in his sympathetic ear; others unwittingly dropped signs that were unmistakable to his keen eye and analytical mind. Even the flood of intimacies that fills this outspoken but kindly book, one feels, is but a small part of the kaleidoscope of national secrets that Colonel Starling took to his grave soon after he had told his story to Mr. Sugrue.

One is tempted to quote copiously from the lengthy series of incisive, laconic anecdotes—their quality cannot be conveyed otherwise. But it would be unfair to deprive the reader of the rich fun, inspiration, enlightenment, and even dismay, that build a cumulative aura of charm as they unfold in sequence.

Wilson doing a tap dance at the door of his bridal chamber, and collapsing into his final invalidism at the close of his unsuccessful tour in behalf of the League; Harding, worrying about the comfort of "The Duchess," his wife, while he played poker with his cronies or relaxed at a musical comedy, and the pitiable figure on his deathbed in San Francisco after his friends had betrayed him; Coolidge, haggling over nickels and dimes and fretful over his boy-like attempts to play the sportsman, and later trying to mask his grief over his son's death; Hoover, deifying efficiency, yet groping toward frustration; Roosevelt, the happy authoritarian, serenely confident on his pinnacle of power, but especially delighted when he could play some elfish trick on his associates—these, picked at random, are some of the absorbing, heterogenous pictures.

The Starling-Sugrue team has shown commendable taste and discretion in spreading out this story about many things that have been matters of public rumor and conjecture. The Colonel's affection and respect for Wilson are manifest; he was a true Wilsonian Democrat and a Presbyterian, to boot. He makes plain, too, his worship of Mrs. Wilson and his whole-hearted agreement with the marriage. Concerning the Harding scandals he pulls no punches, nor does he trespass beyond his own knowledge. And strangely enough, he warmed to Coolidge—who was known to the White House retinue as "the Little Fellow"—more than to any of his other wards; they became fast friends and one is convinced that Coolidge recognized his considerable debt to the Colonel for the growth of his personality during his term of office.

This may seem a panegyric for a book that is concededly not a classic or a literary feat. Yet, even when weighted with such discounts, a sober estimate remains: here is a book with almost unique savor, a brimming evening's enjoyment for anyone with the slightest interest in the basic ingredients of Americanism. Reflecting upon it, one is prompted to lobby for an act of Congress to require, for the good of posterity, that every discerning White House attaché compile his memoirs. May all our Presidents have their Starlings, and each Starling his Sugrue!



"Posterity should be grateful that Colonel Starling lived in the White House almost from Roosevelt to Roosevelt, that Thomas Sugrue happened to become his Boswell."

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All Out of Step but Mark

MARK TWAIN, BUSINESS MAN. Edited by Samuel Charles Webster. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1946. 409 pp. $4.

Reviewed by JAMES PLAYSTED WOOD

MARK TWAIN was a much and many times ruined man. His career as a Mississippi River pilot was ruined by the Civil War. He was ruined as a writer, if too many critics and literary historians are to be believed, by the squeamish editing of Olivia Langdon Clemens and William Dean Howells, who combed all the profanity and what they considered the vulgarity out of his masculine prose. He was ruined by all his attempts to conform to the pale social and paler literary standards of the genteel East of Richard Watson Gilder and Mrs. Thomas Bailey Aldrich. According to one widely advertised thesis of the 1920's, Mark Twain was ruined when he betrayed the essential artist in him by his surrender to the materialism of his time.

Fortunately for Mark Twain, he does not seem to have been aware of this deluge of ruination. He went on writing, lecturing, luridly swearing, and gloriously losing his temper as though he had never been ruined at all.

Mark Twain was also ruined by everyone with whom he did business of any kind, by thieving pirates of his work, by swindlers who sold him stock he demanded and by those who did not, by marvelous inventions that either would not work or would not sell, by the workmen who remodeled his Hartford house, by any newspaper rash enough to mention him, his books, or any of his ventures, except to praise; and by any publisher of any of his books. People were mean to him. The Bell Telephone Company was mean to him because he insistently refused to buy any of its stock when he could have bought it for practically nothing. Of this ruination Mark Twain was vividly, vociferously, and continually aware.

Charles H. Webb, who published his first book, "The Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras County and Other Sketches," defrauded him for years. The American Publishing Company, which then began to bring out his books, were thieves and a den of reptiles. James R. Osgood, acting as agent for Mark Twain who supplied the capital, made a botch of publishing "Life on the Mississippi" and "The Prince and the Pauper."

Because Mark Twain believed all this and said so, he set up his own publishing house in New York, installing as head of it his nephew-in-law Charles H. Webster, whom he had originally brought from Dunkirk, New York, to manage his interests in Kaolatype, a chalk plate engraving process.

It was Charles H. Webster, Mark Twain was convinced, who achieved his complete ruination and brought about his bankruptcy in the financial panic of 1893. This accusation he made violently and at length, with full irony and invective, when toward the end of his life he told the story to Albert Bigelow Paine. Paine did not use this material in the "Autobiography" which he brought out in 1924. It was first printed in "Mark Twain in Eruption," edited by Bernard De Voto and published in 1940.

As Mark Twain told the story, he imported his young nephew, a "backwoodsman from Dunkirk," and set him up at a handsome salary to learn his trade as a publisher. He gave Webster capital and the manuscript of "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn" to start with. Webster from beginning to end of the venture was stupid, ignorant, and boastful. He completely mismanaged the business and finally brought about its failure. Webster, who seemed to think he had discovered Mark Twain, had nothing to do with the firm's two great successes, "Huckleberry Finn" and the memoirs of General Grant. He kept back "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court" as long as he could and then published it so surreptitiously that no one found out for years that the book existed. Mark Twain himself was wholly responsible for every successful venture of the company, especially Grant's memoirs, which brought Mrs. Grant something like a half million dollars.

"All his life Mark Twain admired the bold liar and exaggerated for the sheer joy of it."

Webster, who, according to Mark Twain, wore a size six and a quarter hat when he came to New York but later could not get his head into a barrel, moved the company into larger quarters when this was not necessary. He took on every book offered him, none that Mark Twain proposed, and all he published were failures. He maneuvered himself into such a position that he was no longer the employee but the master of Mark Twain, his slave.

It now appears that the reports of Mark Twain's ruination by Charles H. Webster have been greatly exaggerated.

"Mark Twain, Business Man" is a collection of new business and family letters written by Mark Twain. These letters, many of them to "Dear Charley," show that Charles H. Webster had much more to do with the success of Webster and Company than Mark Twain would admit or remembered. They show, too, that Mark Twain had more to do with its ultimate failure than Charles H. Webster could possibly have accomplished unaided. The letters and the deft and nicely pointed insertions of additional information by the editor, who is Charles H. Webster's son, tell much of Mark Twain, "business" man, inventor, investor, and householder, that has not before been known and that could not be known from any other source.

Mark Twain considered Charles H. Webster not only his publisher but also his business agent in all the multifarious get-rich-quick or quicker schemes by which he was fascinated. He had Webster act as his errand boy, purchasing agent, contractor, banker, and bookkeeper. He bombarded him with letters and telegrams. Would Charley please see to the repairs on the Hartford house, get him some ink, stop telegraphing so much, telegraph more, go right away to Boston or Baltimore, find out about brass and investigate copper for stamping purposes.

Charley was instructed to get some people off land Livy owned in Texas, copy out everything the *New York Tribune* had said about him for three months, find out how his books were selling in Chicago. Is it worthwhile to sue the American Publishing Company for only $2,000? Probably they have swindled him out of $5,000. And

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will Charley please get some thin brass sheets for the marble wall around the hall fireplace—and a special sleeping car—and see about a sofa Livy is thinking of buying—and, again for Livy, inquire at Tiffany's about the price of a small chimes traveling clock.

Why hasn't Mark Twain received an account of preliminary expenses on the Paige typesetter? Do something, many somethings, about Kaolatype. Stop publishing books, if necessary, and go into the dramatic business. There will be a fortune in the new history game he has invented. There was a fortune in almost everything Mark Twain heard of that he had not already tried.

Samuel Charles Webster proves easily that Mark Twain was far more responsible for the failure of Webster and Company than was his harassed father. It was Mark Twain who sank money made by the company into all kinds of disastrous schemes, $300,000 of it into the Paige typesetter. Mr. Webster does much more than this, for he provides letters from Mark Twain's mining days in Nevada, others from his Virginia City reportorial days. He presents, too, some of Mark Twain's earliest literary attempts, pages written when he was only nineteen. The editor's quiet but shrewd humor adds its own quality to the book.

Mark Twain's attack on Charles H. Webster in the autobiographical writing of "Mark Twain in Eruption" was perhaps to be read mostly as good Mark Twain. All his life Mark Twain admired the bold liar and exaggerated for the sheer joy of it. Out of old habit he was still whipping up his vindictive fury for the fun of shouting it. He was not so much stating the facts about Charles H. Webster as stating the fact of his own indignation and stating it in good, flamboyant Mark Twain words. Perhaps Charles H. Webster had most offended by catching the shadow of his shoulder in a spotlight Mark felt should have shone only on him. Was Mark Twain serious in all his charges? Does his great-nephew take him too seriously?

One letter which Mark Twain wrote from Hartford is dated October 30, 1882. It reads:

> Dear Charley—
>
> Give this man what he wants, or kill him. I don't care which.
>
> Yours truly,
> S. L. CLEMENS

Mr. Webster's footnote is: "My father killed him."

"Mark Twain, Business Man" is an important book, as are all books that light with new facts the mind, temperament, and character of great writers. It belongs to books of a second order of critical importance in that it has not to do with Mark

Twain, author of "Life on the Mississippi" and "Huckleberry Finn," but with Mark Twain apart from his writing. Perhaps Mark Twain would have written more and even better than he did write if he could have sworn off "business." This is doubtful. It is more probable that he poured into his best writing all the disciplined energy he could achieve. He flung into inventing, scheming, publishing, into wild money-making attempts, the excess energy, some of it generated by his writing, that being Mark Twain he had to unloose. This wild expenditure and its explosive results, Mark Twain as he was in his family and in what to him were important parts of his life, are shown here as they could not have been shown except in his own letters edited by one who is certainly well informed about his subject and whose own comments are both reasonable and distinctly spoken.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

UNFAMILIAR STANZAS OF WELL-KNOWN POEMS

Quoted below are some unfamiliar stanzas from 10 extremely well-known poems. Can you recall the more familiar lines from each poem? Allowing 10 points for each correct answer, a score of 60 is par, 70 is very good, and 80 or better is excellent. Answers on page 34.

1. In the dark blue sky you keep,
   And often through my curtains peep,
   For you never shut your eye,
   Till the sun is in the sky.
2. And then he ran to her and laid
   His head upon her arm,
   As if he said, "I'm not afraid—
   You'll keep me from all harm."
3. In works of labor or of skill
   I would be busy too;
   For Satan finds some mischief still
   For idle hands to do.
4. She stood on her head, on her little trundle bed,
   With nobody nigh for to hinder;
   She screamed and she squalled, she yelled and she bawled,
   And drummed her little heels against the winder.
5. Yet beautiful and bright he stood,
   As born to rule the storm;
   A creature of heroic blood,
   A proud though child-like form.
6. So the little moments,
   Humble though they be,
   Make the mighty ages
   Of eternity.
7. Beyond this place of wrath and tears
   Looms but the Horror of the shade,
   And yet the menace of the years
   Finds and shall find me unafraid.
8. By the cynic, the sad, the fallen,
   Who had no strength for the strife,
   The world's highway is cumbered today;
   They make up the sum of life.
9. And it isn't the shame and it isn't the blame
   That stings like a white-hot brand.
   It's coming to know that she never knew why
   (Seeing at last she could never know why)
   And never could understand.
10. My heart-strings round thee cling,
    Close as thy bark, old friend!
    Here shall the wild-bird sing,
    And still thy branches bend.

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Under the Nazi Heel

MAN OF BRITTANY. By Selwyn James. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1946. 326 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by R. ELLIS ROBERTS

THIS is a good story of exciting adventure and hazards in Brittany during the German occupation; it is also exasperating to anyone who knows Brittany and the Bretons at all well, since Mr. James, while he recognizes the great part which religion plays in the lives of the people, has not the most elementary knowledge of Catholicism, and makes mistakes as odd as though a novelist wrote of the Boston of John Quincy Adams in terms of the Boston of today.

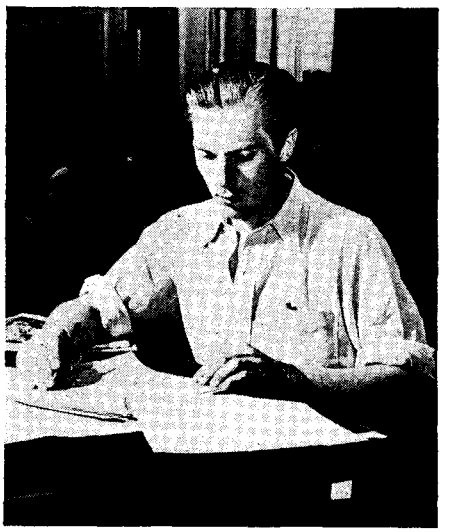
The "man of Brittany" is a small farmer in the village of St. Pons. Louis Travadel, once the French have lost the war, is prepared to go on with real life, the crops, the pigs, the milk, the cider, under the Germans if the Germans permit Bretons a reasonably unhampered existence. He is traditionally anti-French, though not a separatist. The village did not care for the French soldiers who were billeted there, and apparently St. Pons had none of its own people in the army, or none anyone cared about. (How this happened is obscure—in a tiny village in the heart of Auvergne all the able-bodied men of military age had been called to the colors in the first week of September, 1939.)

The Germans came to St. Pons, and the colonel makes a friendly, bombastic speech telling the people the Führer will set up an independent Brittany and liberate them from the French. Travadel is more pleased because the Germans arrest the petty bureaucrats, all Corsicans, whom the villagers dislike. A German lieutenant is billeted in Travadel's home—he is arrogant, greedy, stupid. He drinks too much of the strong cider at dinner, makes a lewd remark about Travadel's fifteen-year-old daughter, Anic, and is promptly killed by Travadel with the help of his wife.

Then Louis Travadel takes to the desolate country beyond the dangerous bogs and spends his energy in trapping and killing more Germans. He keeps his narrow ideas; he is without any patriotism except for St. Pons, and his hatred of the Germans is only because of the insult to his daughter and the subsequent imprisonment of her and his wife. In depicting the gradual growth of a wider outlook, the slow development, in his hero's stubborn mind, of a vague ideal, Mr. James is really successful. Travadel never forgets that his burning aim is to rescue his wife and daughter; but unwillingly he learns that this may be accomplished best by a man who also serves the wider cause of French liberty.

Mr. James portrays with simplicity and directness not only this impulsive, simple farmer, but also the mayor, an innocent collaborationist who in the end sees how he has erred and dies for his errors; the priest, timid at first but soon a worker in the movement, and the old German colonel, who dreads the arrival of the secret police and tries to pass off the murder of his soldiers as due to "accidents."

Too much of the narrative is told in the staccato thoughts of Louis Travadel, rendered in a broken English which hinders rather than helps the illusion that the man is not an Englishman. An unfortunate result of this kind of jargon is that it influences at times Mr. James's narrative style, which is otherwise simple and rapid. He is particularly good in his descriptions of hard and violent action, and the great scene of the descent of Louis and his friends to rescue Jeanne and Avic on the night when the Royal Air Force bombs the flying-field is excellent in its pace and tension.



Selwyn James's story is exciting but "also exasperating to anyone who knows Brittany well, since he has not the most elementary knowledge of Catholicism."

Freedom as the Goal

NIGHT OVER JAVA. By Johan Fabricius. New York: Greenberg. 1946. 164 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by RICHARD A. CORDELL

AT a time when Java is again making the headlines, the publication in America (it won the critics' plaudits two years ago in England) of this short novel is timely and welcome. The young Dutch author was born in Java, where his father was a colonial administrator, and he writes of his homeland with obvious affection and sound knowledge. Structurally "Night over Java" is an excellent, skillfully fabricated novelette: the exotic setting is adequately and economically pictured; the few characters are expertly sketched; suspense is created without tricks; the central incident of the story is never lost sight of, and its unexpected consequences bring the tale to a poignant, significant close.

After the fall of Java a guerilla band of Europeans, Eurasians, and Javanese evades the Japs and establishes a base of operations on the south coast of the island. The forty men are united not by loyalty to Queen Wilhelmina but by a love of Java and a detestation of the barbarous invader. Captain Mansvelt leads them in a successful attack on a garrison town, where by storming commando tactics the entire Jap military force is destroyed. Although the raid is a success, the Jap reprisal is so savage that some would spare innocent civilians from further monstrous outrage. But Mansvelt will continue. "We must persuade the enemy to commit even further injustice. For out of injustice resistance is born, as you have seen for yourself." In total war with human freedom the goal, civilians as well as soldiers must risk all. Whether one wears a uniform or not is only of academic interest in modern war.

Those who find colonial problems simple and unpuzzling, and who would grant complete and immediate independence to all colonies (except, perhaps, American "territories") will be annoyed by the absence of hostility toward the Dutch in Mijnheer Fabricius's natives. They will conclude that the author's great affection for both Java and Holland have clouded his vision. Those who relish good writing will welcome "Night over Java" and will be inclined to blame the translator for such flabby, hackneyed expressions as "sighed with relief," "untiring in their efforts," "filled with righteous indignation," etc., which seem particularly banal in prose otherwise firm, uncluttered, and forcible.

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An American Mata Hari

COURIER TO MARRAKESH. By Valentine Williams. Boston: Houghton Miffin Co. 1946. 240 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by NANCY GROBERG

TO THE average person who was encouraged, during the Second World War, by reports of an anti-Hitler movement inside Germany, it probably did not occur that such a movement might prove just as dangerous to Allied purposes as Hitler himself. Few doubted that such a movement was gaining impetus—it was inconceivable that it should not—but a shocked world, bent on ridding itself of its most prominent menace, was not likely to stop to consider that this particular method of removal might prove, finally, to be the quick slide from the frying pan to the fire. Hence the average reader may be somewhat confounded, at first, by the exploits of a ballad singer named Andrea Hallam who, shuttling around between enemy agents and Allied Intelligence men, learns that with Allied Intelligence it is all or nothing.

Once Mr. Williams's red-headed heroine unwittingly becomes the pawn of anti-Hitler agents, it is anybody's fight. It would seem that the whole of Germany is on her trail, or, more specifically, on the trail of the Hitler dossier which she unwittingly acquires; most unfortunate for Miss Hallam, when one considers the most terrifying pursuer of all—Clubfoot, head of the Gestapo, with a corrupt history that dates back to World War One. Thrown into the midst of intrigue, counter-intrigue, and counter-counter-intrigue, Miss Hallam—who only wanted to sing ballads to American soldiers—is persuaded by Allied Intelligence and a certain amount of patriotic devotion to stay there and prove herself rather a competent spy. Like the reader, she is somewhat stumped at first as to why Allied agents should be so intent upon stopping anti-Hitler plans, but the answer becomes clear to everyone as the chase develops; the danger of a peace set up by any German military staff is inescapable—we are jolted uncomfortably back to shades of the First World War.

The political implications of this thriller are awesome; we knew, still know, so little about policies inside Germany. The name of Hitler is still terrifying; to feel so close to the workings of his machine and the workings of his fate is fascinating and chilling. We are drawn in, pushed around, caught short of breath, but rather pleased to be shuttling around with Miss Hallam. Our interest does not lag. Yet, if we were to pick a bone with Mr. Williams, it would probably be over what could safely be called his hit-and-run technique, a method of treating issues and characters which is tantalizing, often downright annoying. For, once we have straightened out the various enemy agents, ascertained which of the "bad guys" are the worst guys, been made to understand why we can have no truck with any of them, there is the problem of devoting the rest of our time to straightening out our impressions of the various characters who keep rushing through. Then, too, the tremendous implications of the material with which he deals do, it seems to us, impose an obligation to delve more deeply than he does. But Mr. Williams, tearing around with his characters, is satisfied with a perfunctory glance. The story holds our interest, but it is the issues involved which should have assured it.

What we have, then, is a well-packed and exciting story of a chase, sometimes confusing, and not always credible. Characters have a way of appearing quite conveniently to effect the numerous rescues and narrow escapes; Miss Hallam has a tendency to fall into traps which, we feel safe in thinking, even *we* would avoid. Mr. Williams's manner of writing is brusque and simple and quite in keeping with his attitude about the whole thing. It is unfortunate that he passed up the opportunity to do something important, in favor of continuing the exploits of the already established Clubfoot. But the implications are there, at least, in spite of his approach.

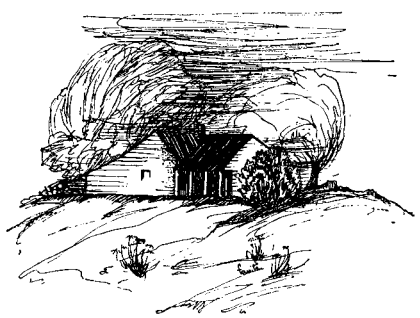
With Appliqué of Fantasy

VANDAMEER'S ROAD. By John R. Humphreys. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1946. 297 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by PHIL STONG

THERE is some slow going in this book on what life is and what life isn't and all sorts of stuff that Spinoza covered more completely and with more maturity, but since most of this semi-poetic reiteration is set in italics, it can be avoided easily. What remains is a brilliantly original and very entertaining book about a young boy and a dying man and some very violent people in the farmlands of Michigan.

The old man, whose name is never mentioned, or even guessed till near the end of the book, goes out to rural Michigan to die as genteelly as possible while painting pictures. There he encounters the young boy Jorg whose day-dreams blend ordinary experience and the experience of his reading to produce an interior story—one of the most delightful since White's "The Sword in the Stone." In Jorg's fantasy ogres say "Goddamit," and old witches break their shins while carrying a bundle of faggots over the concrete road to the magic city of Detroit.



The realistic story is that Jorg's father suspects, accurately, that Jorg is not his son. He had taken measures about the presumed father before Jorg's birth and he is very careful to keep his silo in repair. In Jorg's fantasy the tower of Japuk, the nearly invincible villain of his day-dream, is the silo or a reasonable facsimile. Japuk is heavy-bearded like his father.

The denouement is elaborate and satisfying. The appliqué of fantasy and romance on the stern Michigan scene is most skillfully accomplished. The little boy's imaginings, partly from conscious experience, partly from his subconsciousness of realities, and partly from the literary subsconscious are amusing, pathetic, and generally superb.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 622)

K. ROBERTS:
*TRENDING INTO MAINE**

Poems have been written about bouillabaisse. I have tried it again and again. . . . . and on the word of a dispassionate reporter it's not to be compared with a Maine cunner, cod, or haddock chowder made with salt pork and common crackers.

* From the recently published "Kenneth Roberts' Reader."

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Strictly Personal

WERFEL AS HIS TRANSLATOR SAW HIM

FRANZ WERFEL was always a meticulous writer. He composed easily, smoothly, sometimes with incredible rapidity, in his beautiful, microscopic longhand, a single page of which was equivalent to three or four typed pages. But when the first draft was made he filed and polished the text with infinite patience, and after at least three revisions he dictated from his script directly to the typewriter. He had an unerring, clairvoyant instinct as far as plot, situation, and character development were concerned, but when it came to expression and style he was a skilled and highly sophisticated craftsman. His German vocabulary was virtually unlimited and his excellent command of Latin and Greek made it easy for him to supplement it with striking neologisms whenever he felt the need. He had an almost uncanny feeling for the hidden values of words, for their connotations and implications. For these reasons he was never content with a phrase or a sentence until it expressed exactly, not approximately, what he wanted to say. And for these reasons he guarded his text more jealously against manhandling by copyreaders, compositors, and proofreaders than any author I have ever known.

The question of foreign, specifically English, translations of his books was never a very serious one in the literary life of Franz Werfel. He regarded himself as an Austrian author, and the public to which he addressed himself was one that read the German language. It is true that his works had been translated into English and other languages for twenty years and more, but that was the concern of his foreign publishers. When he wrote "The Song of Bernadette" in the winter of 1940-41 he had barely arrived in America, and still thought of himself as an exile in a strange land whose first duty was to a German public. It sounds incredible, but it is true that this book, which headed the best-seller list for months on end, was written without the slightest concession to the public to which it was to appeal and with relatively little interest in the English translation which made it accessible to American readers. It was not until after the appearance of "Bernadette" that Werfel began to give serious consideration to the translation problem, for he now began to regard America as his permanent home and himself as an American writer. When he wrote "Jacobowsky and the Colonel" he took an active and constructive interest in the translation, and it was in connection with this play that he and I first engaged in the unique type of collaboration that we were to perfect later on in the last novel he was ever to write.

"Star of the Unborn" was conceived in the early spring of 1943. Whether it actually sprouted from the germ of a dream, as the author hints in the first chapter and as he once told me, I cannot safely say, but it is not unlikely. As was his custom, he spoke very little about the new work in its early stages. He merely said that he was planning a "Utopian novel," and then at once amended the description with the words, "That is to say, it's not a Utopian novel at all in the customary sense, in fact it's almost the exact opposite." I did not learn until very much later that the original draft of the first five chapters was actually written in May of 1943. Then came a long interruption, first because Werfel had agreed to write a third version of "Jacobowsky," upon which the Broadway adaptation was to be based, and then because two severe heart attacks in September and December confined him to his bed for several months. During these months the new book lay untouched, but its content unceasingly occupied the author's mind. The critical nature of his illness completely changed his perspective of the material and made the book what it turned out to be: the inspired revelation of one who has returned from the dead, the uninhibited account of one who has made his final reckoning with the world and who looks back in retrospect upon his own life and upon his contemporaries.

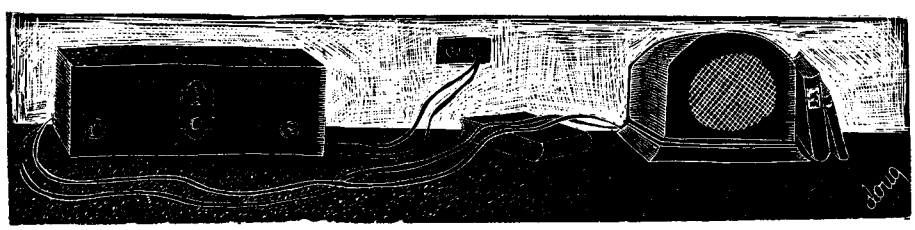
In the early spring of 1944 Werfel's health had mended sufficiently to permit him to return to work and we began to talk about the translation. At that time he said to me in substance:

> No translation of any book of mine has ever even approximately reproduced my style. I don't know whether it's possible. In this book I am consciously trying to use a sort of baroque style. I have in mind something like "Gulliver's Travels" adapted to a modern vocabulary. Go read a few hundred pages of Swift and see whether you get any ideas. Above all, be bold in your choice of words, in your constructions. What I have to say is direct, daring, sometimes shocking. The language must reflect that. Avoid circumlocutions. Don't be afraid to compound words or to coin words, if necessary. And remember, above all, be bold!

Three chapters were in final German draft at this time and I took them home with me. It turned out that the matter of style was the least of my difficulties. The English language lends itself admirably—much more readily than German—to a mildly satirical, lightly pompous tone. Its tremendous vocabulary and its wealth of synonyms make it possible to heap epithets without becoming tiresome. This is perhaps one of the reasons why the English baroque writers can still be read with pleasure today, while German prose of the same period is almost too horrible to contemplate.

MUCH more difficult than the reproduction of the style was the rendition of coinages that are perfectly natural in German, but uncommon, to say the least, in English. To give just one example: the author contrasts the words *Einverleibung* and *Einversinnlichung*, meaning respectively "assimilation by the body" and "assimilation by the senses." The former is a common word, the latter a coinage which, however, any German reader will understand. To paraphrase the words in English, as I have just done here, is simple enough but transgresses the edict, "Avoid circumlocutions."

I therefore solved the problem by the pair of words "incorporation" and "insensuation," and can only hope that the critics will be more lenient than the proofreader who sternly wrote in the margin, "Not in Web-



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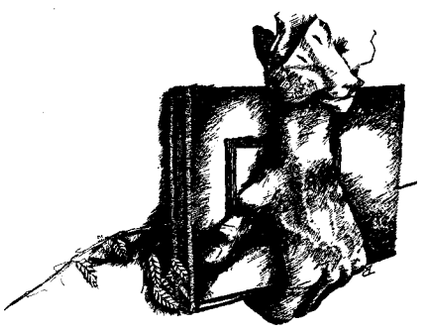
ster." The translation of necessity fairly teems with compounded and coined words of this sort.

I shall not detract from the reader's enjoyment of the novel by mentioning here any of the innumerable facetious, fantastic coined words that describe institutions or inventions in that world of the incredibly distant future, but I cannot refrain from mentioning one small group of words because of the light that they throw on the prophetic powers of Franz Werfel. The chapters that describe the use of astral, atomic energy had all been written before the end of 1944. As we were going over the translation of one of the last of these chapters together in February 1945 —months before Hiroshima dissolved into its component parts—Werfel suddenly said: "I would like to avoid the use of the word 'atom' entirely, because I think it's going to be a very trite word before long. Let's invent a few completely abstruse synonyms and use those throughout. I think 'monad' might do for a start, and then maybe something like 'unicle' or 'achad.'" He lived barely long enough to see his prediction come true.

Whenever Werfel finished a chapter he handed it over to me at once and I returned the completed translation to him a few days later. He read it through carefully, usually during the late hours of the night, for he slept very little, and on the next afternoon we would go over it together sentence by sentence. I never ceased to marvel at his instinctive comprehension of the English language. Although he spoke English with the greatest difficulty, he had a remarkably keen feeling for words and for their shades of meaning.

If the English translation is a reasonably true facsimile of his German original, it is in large measure the result of his care and pertinacity. For he was stubbornly tenacious about expressions that he questioned and he rarely gave up until together we had devised something that seemed more acceptable to him. He was always particularly insistent upon as faithful a rendition as possible of passages where he had produced a special effect by juggling words. Such things are generally regarded as untranslatable, but we would twist and turn the phrases until something had come out of them which not only rendered the meaning but also reflected something of the original play on words.

A GOOD illustration of this point is the very first chapter heading. This heading reads in German: *Erstes Kapitel: Worin sich ein Vorwort verbirgt, das, wie so oft, nur eine Ausrede ist.* For the reader who understands German no explanation is needed of the play on the words *Vorwort—Ausrede*; for the reader whose German is defective, no explanation is possible. I had originally translated it, "First Chapter: Wherein an explanatory foreword is concealed which is really nothing more than an apologetic afterthought." This translation, it seemed to me, not only rendered the thought completely but also retained something of the essence of the word-play in the double antithesis "explanatory foreword—apologetic afterthought." But Werfel was not satisfied; he objected to the adjectives, which are unavoidable in English; he wanted the play confined to a pair of single words without



modifiers. And of course he was right, for brevity is not only the soul of all wit but particularly of that type of wit that juggles the meanings of words. We tossed the sentence back and forth; we took it apart and put it back together. But we could not find a good substitute. It stood through all the revisions until the last version was ready for the printer.

Finally one day, Werfel asked out of a clear sky (it seems to me we were sitting with our afterdinner coffee): "Couldn't you do something with the words 'prology—apology'?" I knew at once what he was talking about and answered: "There's no such word as 'prology.' All the denominative forms of the word have a hard 'g,' prologue, epilogue, and so forth." But the next day I turned up with the suggestion, "First Chapter: Wherein the author appears to be prologizing, but the reader soon discovers that he is apologizing." Now I frankly admit that the word "prologizing," especially with a soft g, is rare according to all standard dictionaries. But it is listed, even with a soft g, its meaning is perfectly obvious, and it not only preserves the German play on words but makes it even more concise. Werfel was delighted with it and the chapter heading stands in this form today.

We followed this same method of revision throughout the entire novel, with the exception of the final four chapters, which the author completed only a few days before his death. His furlough from purgatory had been well timed; and now the furlough has expired and he has been recalled into the great absence. This is no romantic fancy of mine but a quotation from his book. He was given just time enough to finish writing his message but not enough to make the final revision of the last few pages. We had to transcribe them from his meticulously hand-written leaves. But after twenty-two chapters translated in closest collaboration with the author, I feel very certain that the last four chapters, too, are done in accordance with his wishes, and I know that he approves of them.

IN July 1945, barely a month before his death, Franz Werfel wrote a few brief sentences on the subject of translation. I quote them because they show why he attached so much importance not to literalness but rather to faithfulness of rendition:

> Every word has a different history in every language, a different world of associations and connotations. In everyday speech the content facilitates its own rendition. The poetic word, however, casts shadows; history and associations resonate in it and give it life. The translator must choose such words that his own language casts corresponding shadows, so that his own lines may be filled with the resonating connotations that make a work of art.

To this thoughtful comment on the problem of translation I wish to add an observation of my own. The relation of author and translator cannot be otherwise than that of the composer and the interpreter of a musical composition. Only the performing artist who is intellectually, artistically, and spiritually in harmony with the composer can fully understand what the latter has to say and can give an adequate and satisfying reading of his work. The performing artist is, in truth, a "translator" who translates the composer's written symbols into sound language that the hearer can understand and enjoy. Similarly only the literary translator who fully understands his author and who is intellectually, artistically, and spiritually in harmony with him can give an adequate and satisfying rendition of his work. The musician who undertakes to perform a composition that he does not like or does not understand is risking a bad performance. The translator who undertakes to intepret a work of which he does not approve or which he does not fully comprehend is certain to produce an unsatisfactory translation.

GUSTAVE O. ARLT

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"A WORD FITLY SPOKEN"

WHEN Matthew Arnold came to this country to lecture in 1883, his New York debut was a failure. The *Herald's* account was damning in its factuality:

> He only partially opened his mouth, and, consequently, could not be heard beyond the fourth row of benches. He held his manuscript in his left hand, nearly level with his face. . . . Mr. Wayne MacVeagh (who was also on the platform) penciled the word "Louder" on the back of a visiting card and sent it to Mr. Arnold, and then came several cries of "Louder" from the back seats.

The *Daily Tribune* noted that "he has the common defect of the English clergy among whom he was educated—the habit of dropping his voice at the end of a sentence, which renders it inaudible." The London *Times* correspondent cabled his paper that "Mr. Arnold's imperfect delivery was a great disappointment." It was a most inauspicious introduction to the New World.

A week or so later Arnold appeared in Boston. The *Times* reported a great improvement—and had the explanation:

> He had been carefully "coached" by a professor of elocution, the result being that his voice was much louder, and that he was plainly heard. The audience, a large one, gave the lecturer a favourable reception.

The coach, Harriet R. Holman of the Duke University Library, discloses in *The New England Quarterly,* was John Wesley Churchill, Jones professor of elocution at Andover Theological Seminary. Both Arnold and Churchill agree that the coaching consisted of only two brief lessons—Churchill, declared Arnold, "went twice for twenty minutes to the hall with me when it was empty, heard me read, and stopped me when I dropped my voice at the end of the sentences, which was the great trouble." Professor Churchill apparently donated his services. And more. When an articulate Arnold later lectured at Andover, he was Churchill's house guest and ate three meals there—"at six we had tea—it was really dinner, only there were no liquors;" after the lecture "scalloped oysters (with iced water and coffee)," and for breakfast the following morning "coffee, fruit, fish-balls, potatoes, hashed veal, and mince pies, with rolls and butter."

When Arnold returned to New York, his sponsors announced in their advertisements: "The Management beg to assure the public that Mr. Arnold will be distinctly heard in all parts of the hall." He was. Subsequently, facing an audience of 3500 in the Brooklyn Academy of Music, the *Brooklyn Eagle* reported, he "spoke slowly, deliberately, and could be heard in all parts of the house—a great improvement over his first lecture."

There is no "Elocution" entry in the telephone books of today, though "Public Speaking Instruction" is listed in the Manhattan classified telephone directory, with six practitioners, plus sixteen more or less affiliated "Radio Coaches and Critics."

Radio itself has done little enough to promote the cause of the spoken word, although it claims to set great store by "diction," by which it does not mean diction at all. The ideal radio voice, judging by frequency of occurrence, seems to be that which combines the plausibility of the insurance solicitor with the unctuousness of the undertaker.

The motion picture, for all the good it has done the cause of spoken English, might just as well have remained silent. Rarely has it been characterized by such consideration for the spoken word as in Charles Laughton's inspired interpolation of Lincoln's Gettysburg Address into the script of "Ruggles of Red Gap." In this as in so many other concerns, Hollywood is generally content with something that is a little below mediocrity rather than a little above it.

Professor Churchill, were he alive today, would find plenty of people who would benefit by his skill, but few who would avail themselves of the opportunity. A great namesake, possessed of a voice ringingly audible in all parts of the house that is the world, would certainly arouse and hold his admiration. He would find no Webster, no Everett, no Bryan, no Roosevelt. He would find plenty of audiences and plenty of speakers, but the audiences, for the most part, would have come to see rather than to listen, the speakers to be looked at rather than to be heard—what they said, how they said it, meant little.

A larger literacy is a noble goal, but we learn to speak before we learn to read, and at the other end of life our eyes are likely to give out before our voices. Between the first and the final infirmity, we could all strive with more persistence than most of us do to be heard beyond the fourth row of benches—to have something to say, be it to one man or to millions, and to have the words to say it with and the capacity to utter those words with every consideration for the power and music that are in them. Every man who talks, unless he talks only to himself, is a public speaker.

J. T. W.

Now Bar the Door

By Eva Byson

NOW bar the door of your mind to Doubt,
Who comes, unwelcome, up the walk to call.
From the safety of your window, shout
That you have no time, no time at all
To visit with her.

Do not open the door an inch, even,
Lest she force it back—
Lest she thrust her foot in the narrow crack
And squeeze herself through.
Once inside
She would set your house askew.

Speak to her firmly, but say
No more than is needful.
Bid her be on her way—
Better to have no dealings with a liar and a thief.
Tell her you are very busy—
Tell her you
Are entertaining Belief.

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Reviewords

SIR: May their pencils squeak and
their pens grow rusty
Who think all history must
be lusty.*

*or gusty.

HELEN PLOTZ

Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Last Word

SIR: Dear grammarians, shallers, willers:
Why be baffled by these killers?
Look, to solve your problem vile—
. . . Would you settle for an "I'll"?

Now maybe there'll be room in the letters columns for other things!

HELEN G. SUTIN

Albany, N. Y.

Bomb Control by Experts

SIR: It is evident from comment appearing in your columns in recent weeks that the world is no better prepared for the atomic bomb than it was for the Giant Rat of Sumatra. I therefore offer a suggestion which, if adopted, can surely deliver us from the Valley of Fear into which we have been thrust by this fantastic creation of J. Roberts Oppenheimer. I propose that control of the bomb be entrusted to the Brothers Holmes; Mycroft to handle all the complex questions of diplomacy, Sherlock to investigate illicit production and to checkmate any would-be Moriarty who may seek to use our planet to study the dynamics of an asteroid. It is my earnest hope that this solution will win the approval of, and be supported by, every true believer and true man.

BLISS AUSTIN

Westfield, N. J.

What of It?

SIR: I am confused.

It is my custom to give full faith and credit to all I read in *The Saturday Review* (except for some reservations on world government, and some qualms over Mr. Bennett Cerf's lavish use of corn in a time of world cereal shortage). So I start in on your issue of February 9, and read a powerful and eloquent argument by Mr. MacLeish for the freedom of the will. Immediately following, however, is a review of a book by Professor Schroedinger, who, if I understand him correctly, says that everything is predestined by the chromosomes. Even worse, it appears to be mere antique superstition to suppose that the conscious mind, by logical reasoning, can attain any valid conclusions.

There's an answer to that one, of course; and an answer to the answer, and so on ad infinitum. I should not expect *The Saturday Review* to settle an argument which nobody else has managed to settle in the four or five thousand years during which it has been going on; I do not even ask you to take an editorial position on it. But it does seem reasonable to suggest that you so collocate your contributions that the next time you have a couple of violent contradictories, your readers may have a chance to do a double-crostic in between, and thereby limber up their minds so as to be able to grapple with the antithesis.

ELMER DAVIS

Washington, D. C.

"He rose from a reliable authority at Dumbarton Oaks to an unimpeachable source at San Francisco."

Ex Parte A.M.A.

SIR: In your issue of January 19, Albert Q. Maisel, reviewing the biography of Hahnemann by Dr. Martin Gumpert, employs the occasion as a hatrack on which to hang some of his notions regarding the actions of the American Medical Association. Disregarding the question of whether or not the remarks are appropriate to the book, anyone with an elementary knowledge of the accomplishments of organized medicine may take umbrage at Mr. Maisel's sly attempt to link the American Medical Association with "monopolistic drug houses." Most intelligent citizens know that organized medicine has consistently, and at times perhaps even rashly, fought drug monopoly and improper practices conducted by pharmaceutical houses. Since no one would accuse Mr. Maisel of unintelligence, one must assume intent.

Mr. Maisel also states that "opposition to these proposals (the Wagner-Murray-Dingell) *no matter how well founded* . . . will be judged in the light of the fact that the same groups have also opposed most of the changes along the same lines . . . which they now heartily endorse." This is a sweeping statement, not altogether in keeping with the facts. What part of that statement is true fails to recognize that medicine *adopts* that which is proved good while exercising reasonable skepticism *until* it has been so proved. This is in keeping with the attitude of scientific workers in all fields and is an integral part of the spirit of science.

Would it not be well if some of your reviewers kept more closely to the point?

EDWIN P. JORDAN, M.D.,
Associate Editor.

Journal of the American Medical Association

Chicago, Ill.

Harsh Words

SIR: Is the multitude educable in any proper sense? Is the public intelligence susceptible of increase by any amount of instruction? This is from Thomas Taylor's "Introduction to Plotinus (1817)":

> I do not mean that he descended into mortality for the purpose of unfolding the sublimest truths to the vulgar part of mankind; for this would have been a vain and ridiculous attempt; since the eyes of the multitude are not strong enough to look upon truth. Hence the present efforts to enlighten by education the *ignobile vulgus* is an attempt to break the golden chain of beings, and to render the vulgar dissatisfied with the servile situation in which God and Nature intended them to be placed. It is an attempt to render life intolerable, and knowledge contemptible, to subvert all order, introduce anarchy, render superstition triumphant, and restore the throne "of Night primeval and of Chaos old."

W. C. ROSE.

Wellesley Hills, Mass.

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The Enigma of the Little Fellow

THE LONG NOVEMBER. By James Benson Nablo. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1946. 233 *pp.* $2.50.

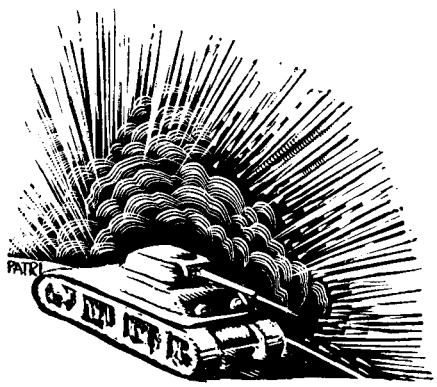
Reviewed by PFC. ARTHUR C. FIELDS

WHEN most of the GI world engaged recently in mass demonstrations backing up their slogan, "I want to go home," the epidemic that has attacked every soldier in every foreign port finally came to the fore: acute homesickness. Homesickness formerly was a disease that the soldier kept to himself, rather than speak about it and have his comrades think him cowardly. But like most cowardly afflictions, it is shared by a surprising majority of the parties concerned.

For instance, most people don't want to be killed, and Private Joseph Mack, A-4443, Royal Canadian Infantry, 1st Canadian Division, was no exception. It was in Italy, in a house strongly reminiscent of the smells of November back home, that Joe got his ticket home—a slug in the shoulder. It seemed that everything that happened to Joe had happened in November. He had gone broke and he had made millions in November. He had been deported and he had enlisted to evade jail in November. In November, he had fallen in love with Steffie. As he wrote, "What's 'home'? Home is a slim, blonde girl named Steffie."

Loving Steffie meant earning money, and plenty of it. For Steffie came from class, and in 1929 that class was extremely selective. So in the face of a depression that was claiming most of the world, Joe Mack set out to make money, but with no luck. November 1934 found Joe scavenging Chicago trash cans and applying for relief at the "Sally" (the Salvation Army). The next few years found Joe driving a beer truck and later working in the deadly monotony of the Moreland Mines, where millions were made and hundreds were buried. He saw hatred and injustice, now as before. He observed his fellow-men: "You watched them, God, while the filth they produced made their homes uninhabitable, and you thought of America, put aside for just such an emergency. One day you opened the doors, and you must have hoped they'd change; for in the new home you had room for all men. Some left everything behind and came happily, thankfully. But others brought the shop-smudged furnishings of their little minds . . . they brought their hates, the only luxuries small minds can afford. . . . The Protestants can hate the Catholics and the Catholics can hate the Protestants, and in their little minds when they tire of hating each other, they can always hate the Jews . . . and God, they do it in Your name . . ."

These were the thoughts that ran through Joe Mack's mind during the



three hours that he lay in an Italian house, wounded. Three hours in which to review his life and re-live his moments with Steffie. Steffie whom he loved so hungrily and who loved him so dearly. Whatever he did, wherever he was, life and breath and the course of his blood spelled Steffie. She came from the other side of the tracks but she'd wait for him: "Christ, as Joe Mack lies here with a nice clean hole in his shoulder, maybe she still is waiting." Maybe she is.

It was for Steffie that he sold cars, became a bootlegger, worked in a brewery, accepted employment in the Canadian woods, labored in a gold mine—and, in every case, went broke. Then he found himself in the Canadian Army in a private's uniform, the owner of three millions in another mine—maybe too late to help Steffie and him. He lived with dirty women and clean women, encountered rats and humans, lost faith and found faith. But it was his enlistment in the Canadian Army that gave Joe a sense of the true values in life.

There was that crazy Pole who held a grudge against the Germans because of a raped sister and a gutted home. He carried on a one-man campaign against the Krauts, but not Joe. "Don't try to sell me a hero's grave, bub, and don't call it 'hero,' call it 'chump'."

Essentially, what Mr. Nablo has done in this book is to write a grim, realistic portrayal of what young people have thought of as they lay wounded, perhaps dying—of what they have thought of the deal their democracy has given them. "It's changed a little, Mr. Tennyson . . . Oh, yes, theirs is but to do and die, but look out, bub, they're starting out to reason why."

The book uses the language, the philosophies, the views of the GI in the fox hole, the mud, the ruins. It will be unpleasantly realistic to the cultured, clean-mouthed, uncontaminated class in this country who didn't experience war's moral and mental filth. Private Joe Mack's thoughts represent the thoughts of most of our fighting men, and his dreams are the dreams that carried us through to victory. What "The Long November" presents is the problem that is puzzling our muddled political giants: the enigma of the future of the little fellow, the straightforward, clear-thinking GI Joe who is disillusioned and allergic to soft-soap attitudes or platitudes.

Don't Fence Them In

A Chinese Political Fable

MY old sweet stupid spaniel bitch
Shut in her spacious pen
Lies patiently at the gate
Gazing through the wire
Unanimous to be out.

One day, to fell a tree,
The fence at the back of the pen was taken down.
Behind the pooch her world was open wide,
And still she lay frustrated at the gate
Yearning to get free.

It might be risible—if it were not
As poochlike as poor international man
Who never will escape the pen of power
Through the gate of rival sovereignties.
Rover, look round. Behind you the world's open.

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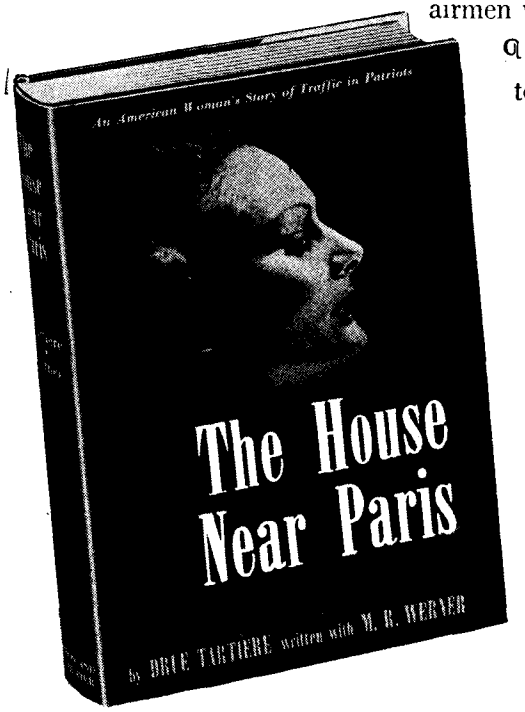
THIS AMERICAN ACTRESS FOUND MORE DRAMA THAN SHE BARGAINED FOR . . .

DRUE TARTIERE went from Hollywood to London to appear in British movies, and stayed in Europe to play a supporting role in the greatest drama of all time. While she was lunching near Marseilles in 1939 with her husband, a French actor-producer, the curtain rose: a radio blared the news that France was at war. Jacques Tartiere was called to England for the duration, and Drue, alone in a strange land, found herself surrounded by intrigue, deceit, and excitement. Condemned to die by the Nazis, she disappeared into the picturesque province of Seine et Marne with an official, but highly erroneous, document establishing her as a harmless, dying woman. She farmed, poached wild rabbits, raised chickens; and in the deep of night she helped transmit arms and ammunition for the resisting people of France. When the allies started to bomb the continent she found, nursed, and hid airmen who were shot down, and smuggled them to freedom.

¶ This is a rich, human story against the setting of total war. But it is no retelling of the Maquis story, no "now it can be told" tale of the war years. Buoyant, exciting, immensely readable, it gives you a whole new insight into the way the unorganized, confused common people of France lived during the occupation.



THE HOUSE NEAR PARIS

BY DRUE TARTIERE

Written with M. R. Werner • **Price $2.75** • **Published by SIMON AND SCHUSTER**

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TRADE Winds

THIS COLUMN rounds out my fourth full year as conductor of Trade Winds, and I can't help thinking of Franklin P. Adams's oracular comment when I assumed the job: "You'll have fun—but remember, after two years, any friends you have left will be pure velvet."

Well, I've had fun all right, and I think I've kept a lot of old friends and made some new ones. Plenty of enemies, too! I've been tactless often and rash, but I've called the shots as I saw them. I've gotten myself involved in a few altercations with people I respect. The motives of other enemies I've made are as obvious, I flatter myself, to most bystanders as they are to me. One publisher accuses me of deliberately using this column to exploit my own publications and run down those of my competitors. I knew I was leaving myself wide open to precisely this charge when I started. I do not think it's true. Another Napoleonic gentleman from the Middlewest professes to believe that I write the contents of *Time* magazine. Several worthy citizens of Dallas think that my criticism of book fairs was meant only to cast aspersions on the fair name of Texas.

Most vehement of my newly-made detractors are a couple of Broadway columnists who cannot believe that it is possible for anybody but themselves to hear the jokes and anecdotes current in night clubs, radio shows, dinners, and press agents' flimsies, nor to acquire the dozens of venerable collections, "treasuries," and "thesauruses" of humor that are the source of so many stories in circulation today. Maybe they don't actually realize how many of their own stories can be traced directly to these volumes; maybe they just don't like to face the fact that joke-reconversion is one industry where the books are open to everybody.

In my two books, "Try and Stop Me" and "Laughing Stock," I stated specifically that the stories were not original, and that the ones in the latter volume in particular were for the most part as old as the hills. Syndicates and reprint magazines use this material with the complete understanding that this is true. As far as the Trade Winds column is concerned, no story that has appeared in it or will appear in it ever was taken from Walter Winchell or Leonard Lyons. This column is turned in to the printer a full three weeks before publication, and in that interim a story I have occasionally recounted will bob up elsewhere. Sometimes, too, I inevitably will repeat a story that seems new to me, but that some columnist, without my knowledge, has used before me. I regret this, but cannot help it. For anybody to claim he "originated" a quip or anecdote that he heard from somebody else strikes me as infantile and presumptuous nonsense anyhow.

Now that that is out of my system, I'll go back to my knitting, and if I've bored you I'm sorry. What a luxury is self-justification! . . .

THE COMMITTEE for a Democratic Far Eastern Policy wants to know why the U. S. State Department refuses permission to six West Coast Congressmen to read its official translation of Chiang Kai-shek's book, "China's Destiny." There have been over two hundred editions of this book distributed in China since it first appeared in March, 1943. It is also available at a dollar a copy at the office of "Young China," 881 Clay Street, San Francisco, but of course it's in Chinese. Who is determined to keep Chiang's own ideology out of the hands of the American public? . . . MGM has acquired "Bedtime Fantasy," a comedy involving a publisher of children's books, his secretary, and adopted son. Keenan Wynn will play the publisher. . . . Arthur Kober's beautiful bride, Maggie, bought some books at Macy's and then wandered over to the household utilities department, where she picked up this delectable tale. A customer brought back six rolls of a certain kind of paper and said, "Please credit these to my account since I am changing my mode of life." The saleslady made out the credit but couldn't resist asking, "Just what will your new mode of life be, madam?" The customer answered haughtily, "I am moving to the Waldorf." . . .

THE HARVARD UNIVERSITY Press has embarked upon a major project: a new atlas of history and literature. It will contain 300 maps, at least half of which will be in three colors, with a number designed particularly for students of literature. Material will be pitched on a world-wide basis, ample consideration being given to Latin American and Far Eastern history as well as to the traditional European and North American. William Langer will be general editor, and Major Arthur Robinson, chief cartographer. No publication date can be hazarded at this time. . . . Joseph Asher, of Rich's in Atlanta, is compiling a list of gin players he can live without. Here are a few of them. The How Is Type: Goes gin on the second card and asks if it's good. The Helping Type: Goes out fast in order to help his partner. The If Type: If he hadn't taken the nine of spades? The Look Through Type: Always looks through discards. The Talkative Type: Talks entire time game is in progress. Very quiet on other occasions. The Can't Deal Type: Always has nine cards when his opponent goes gin. The Gambling Type: Never satisfied with table stakes. Always makes side bets with all players and guests. The Roaming Type: Roams around room while not playing, upsetting highballs and disconnecting lamps. Any further nominations? . . .

NEW PUBLISHING HOUSES: (1) A promising partnership of two veteran bookmen, Charles Boni and Joe Gaer; (2) the Lantern Press, headed by Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Furman. . . . The first book to bear the Farrar and Straus imprint will be "Yank: The G.I. Story of the War," published jointly with Duell, Sloan and Pearce. . . . Laments Col. Richard Armour: "You could bundle and wrap in a very small packet, All the books with insides as described on the jacket." . . . Simeon Strunsky notes that Queen Victoria came to the throne in 1837, in which year Mr. Pickwick made his first appearance in book form. Then in 1887, her Jubilee Year, Sherlock Holmes came into being. "And those are the two fictional characters out of English literature," he concludes, "both experiments in escapist fiction, who have remained more alive to more people in the English-speaking

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"It won't last long. . . . They're such big flakes!"

nations than any other man or woman out of a book." . . . Penguin Books finally have had to up the price to one shilling in England. . . . Howard Haycraft, the mystery story authority, is out of the Army, and back at his desk as V.P. of the H. W. Wilson Company. At the separation center he struck up an acquaintance with a handsome captain, who left him with a hearty "Look me up some time. The name is Chan—Charles G. Chan." . . . Letters on the Ezra Pound case still are pouring in. More on this next week. . . .

HOWARD CULLMAN, the play backer, hired a new butler recently, named Jenkins, whose deportment on his first morning proclaimed him a gem. Cullman's clothes were laid out beautifully, breakfast was served in the best manner, and as he was leaving, Jenkins handed him his hat and neatly folded newspaper. There was a short flight of stairs to descend, and unfortunately, Cullman tripped over something on the top step. When he tripped again the following morning at the same spot, he became suspicious. The third morning he caught Jenkins red-handed, or red-footed, slyly preparing to trip him deliberately again.

Cullman figured that the butler needed a psychiatrist more than an employer, so he fired him. A week later, Dick Rodgers, the composer, got Cullman on the telephone. "I've been interviewing a butler named Jenkins," he said. "He's given you as a reference." "He's a fine butler," Cullman answered him, "but I warn you: he'll trip you up. I think he's nuts." Rodgers laughed indulgently and hung up.

A few days later Rodgers met Cullman at the Ritz grill. He had a black eye and a bruised lip. "You've guessed it, Howard," said Rodgers. "I hired Jenkins."

BENNETT CERF.

"From where I sit"

TO BE SURE, books are the building blocks of publishing. MSS. line the cabinets of editorial offices like fieldstone walls. Like children, they require a good deal of attention. They require weighing to see if there is enough meat on them. They must obey certain rules of conduct, they must not use certain words. They must be kept out of the draught of public disapproval. Conferences must be held to determine what jackets they will wear, and sales doctors must take their pulses. Before each MS. can graduate, files, memos, doodles, ear-pullings, telephone calls, biographical folios, paper stocks, artists' brushes, and machines must chart its course, record its progress.

Then the big day arrives. Their literary hair plastered down, their new clothes trim and neat, their witticisms sharpened, the books file into display windows and onto counters, their value to the nation ready for testing. First, an acute board of word-appraisers, known as critics, puts them through lively paces. Then the American people, lying on its stomach beside the swimming pool, rocking along in subways, sitting in its favorite chair with its reading light over its shoulder, passes its immutable judgment.

Compared with this judgment, the mechanics of a big publishing house emits but a small wisp of smoke amid the smudge and steam of living. For the judgment of the American people about books is a judgment upon a whole epoch of thought and action. It is a criticism for the annals, upon writer and reader alike.

This criticism is never static, it generates itself *into the experience* called life. Literature is as much a part of the people who do not read as it is of those who do read. And when there is a minimum of ringing telephone, From Where I Sit, I am awed by the tremendous thought of a person who feels that he has learned enough about something to take a flat white sheet, a pointed shaft, and a dark liquid, and with these instruments to scrawl a weird system of descriptive possibilities that someday affects the minds and actions of others in the struggle for understanding.

paul

DOUBLEDAY

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Seeing Things

EAST IS WEST

THE needs of the drama? By an old and honored formula, three planks and a passion. These are enough. I could not help thinking of those planks, and wishing for them in all their bareness, as I sat before "Lute Song."* For more than being swamped in scenic beauty, this old Chinese play has been lost in it. A Fra Angelico repainted by Rubens could not suffer a crueler change than does this simple drama as it has been distended into a spectacle to catch the eye of Broadway.

The evening starts well enough. For a few moments it seems headed in the inevitable direction. In the manner of "Lady Precious Stream" or, better still, of "The Yellow Jacket" of happy memory, it opens by pretending to suggest, if not to reproduce, the rigid conventions of the Chinese stage. A ceremonious Manager is on hand to introduce the proceedings and speak directly to the audience. A black-clothed Property Man is also present. He darts here and there in the expected way, at least at the beginning. But, having moved a chair or two to set the stage, he is exiled to the wings.

Thereafter the Occident moves in in too big a way. Its intentions are honorable enough. Its approach is respectful; so much so that it even tries to go native. Yet at becoming Chinese it succeeds to about the same extent that Mr. Coolidge managed to go Indian when he encased his Yankee forehead in the fine eagle feathers of a chief's headdress. More than moving in, the Occident takes over. It does this with such lavishness that it soon surrounds the play with its own Great Wall of scenery and costumes, of foreign songs and Equity faces. The result is a drama so fortified by alien beauty that it can scarcely be reached. The result, too, is a production which, though often lovely to look at, is about as Chinese as chow mein or Grauman's Theatre.

No designer has served our stage better than Robert Edmond Jones. Only he could have produced the best of the settings and costumes for "Lute Song." These backgrounds bear his luminous line. Taken singly, theirs is the radiant austerity which distinguishes his work. They show how unequalled is his eye for emphasis, how certain is his awareness of the detail that counts. Their individual proportions are graceful and flowing. Even the banners, serving as drop-curtains, do more than mask the stage. They are as full of mystery as they are of theatre. They offer an acceptable stylization for the immensity of China's crowded highways when all too many pilgrims emerge from, or disappear into, the intervals which separate these streamers.

If Mr. Jones's costumes are more scenic than his scenery, this is as it should be. They are sufficiently Chinese so that their function does not stop with dressing the actors who wear them. They also dress the stage upon which these actors appear. They keep the foreground as vibrant as the backgrounds are unobtrusive. They are bold in their outlines, gorgeous in their textures, dazzling in their hues. They fascinate the eye, and turn the performance into a continuous procession, even when their styles are mixed, or when they have as little to do with China as has the long gray gown worn by Mary Martin when she has become a Buddhist nun.

The trouble with Mr. Jones's contribution is not that he provides too little beauty. It is simply that he has been asked to supply too much. We can't see the play for the scenery. This is a pity. Because, whenever the play is able to push its way through the spectacle and speak directly to the audience, its merits become clear.

We understand then why Will Irwin and the late Sidney Howard wanted to adapt this classic, which is variously described as the "Hamlet" or the "Uncle Tom's Cabin" of the Chinese stage. We even begin to share their eagerness to have it given a fair hearing in English. For, obviously, its story of how a country boy, though in love with his wife, is forced to marry a princess when he has gone to seek his fortune at the Imperial Court, is a touching one. It is compounded from the simplest essentials of drama. It is blessed with poetry, too. But both its pathos and its poetry are swallowed up in the pageantry of Michael Myerberg's production.

—George Karger

"If 'Lute Song' gave the impression of being Chinese in irresistible theatrical terms, no one would give a dropped chopstick whether it were truly Chinese."

Whatever else they may be, Mr. Myerberg's actors are not Chinese. They wear Chinese clothes much as the lady guides at Williamsburg sport Colonial costumes, and create the same illusion. Apparently each and every one of them is a sworn Kipling fan, convinced that never the twain shall meet. Doubtless they are wise to foreswear even a suggestion of that ritual of gesture with which Mei Lan-Fang delighted us, and which speaks a language of its own on every Chinese stage. Doubtless they are no less wise to be freed from the props, the make-ups, and the pantomime which no program could ever quite explain to us. And to substitute a realism which requires no explanation for an elaborate stylization that might prove only incomprehensible.

Yet the closer Mr. Myerberg's actors come to realism, the more apparent it is that they are not Chinese at all; that they are merely Americans dressed up, beautifully dressed up to be sure, and walking on heavily padded slippers, turning their toes out, striking attitudes with their elbows, and sometimes even wearing shiny black wigs; but, nonetheless, no more convincingly Chinese than our old black-face minstrels were authentically Negro.

Although Mary Martin is physically lovely, and uses her body and hands gracefully, even Luther Burbank would have to admit that her American Beauty refuses to be grafted on a lotus flower. Her voice is straight Texas, and never Middle Province.

*LUTE SONG, an adaptation by Sidney Howard and Will Irwin from the old Chinese play "Pi-Pa-Ki." Presented by Michael Myerberg. Music by Raymond Scott. Lyrics by Bernard Hanighen. Directed by John Houseman. Choreography by Yeichi Nimura. Scenery, costumes, and lighting by Robert Edmond Jones. With a cast including Mary Martin, McKay Morris, Helen Craig, Clarence Derwent, Augustin Duncan, Mildred Dunnock, Rex O'Malley, Ralph Clanton, and Yul Brynner. At the Plymouth Theatre.

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MICHAEL TODD
Presents
"A SMASH MUSICAL COMEDY HIT!" —Morehouse, Sun
"UP IN CENTRAL PARK"
Book by HERBERT & DOROTHY FIELDS
Lyrics by DOROTHY FIELDS
Music by SIGMUND ROMBERG
BROADWAY THEA., B'way & 53 St.
2 SHOWS SAT. & SUN.—EVES. 8:30.

"A WALLOPING GOOD SHOW!" —Life Magazine
MAURICE EVANS
IN HIS NEW PRODUCTION OF SHAKESPEARE'S
HAMLET
COLUMBUS CIRCLE THEATRE
BROADWAY at 59th STREET • CO. 5-1173
Evenings 8:30. Matinees Thurs. & Sat. 2:30

"TOPS IN TOWN FOR SHEER FUN!" —Barnes, Herald Tribune
BOBBY CLARK
"The Would-Be Gentleman"
BOOTH Thea., 45 St., W. of B'way
Evenings 8:40 Matinees Wednesday and Saturday 2:40

ALFRED de LIAGRE, Jr. presents
JOHN VAN DRUTEN'S
the Voice of the Turtle
NEW YORK — Morosco Theatre
MARTHA SCOTT • JOHN BEAL • VICKI CUMMINGS
LOS ANGELES — Biltmore Theatre
K. T. STEVENS • HUGH MARLOWE • GERALDINE JONES
BOSTON — Plymouth Theatre
HARVEY STEPHENS • LOUISA HORTON • PEGGY FRENCH

Frank Fay in 'Harvey'
A New Comedy by MARY CHASE
with JOSEPHINE HULL
Directed by ANTOINETTE PERRY
48th St. Thea., E. of B'y. Evs. 8:40 sharp. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

Whatever may be the hummable virtues of "Mountain High, Valley Low" as she sings it, the melody remains out of place in "Lute Song."

Although one-quarter Chinese according to the program, Yul Brynner as Miss Martin's over-wifed husband is much readier for a freshman basketball game than for an oriental role. Augustin Duncan as his father continues to play those two somewhat disparate Johns, Ferguson and of Gaunt, without ever bothering to remember Pearl Buck. Clarence Derwent as the Manager is about as Ming, or Chiang for that matter, as a Bronx high school principal at commencement. As a court factotum Rex O'Malley seems at any moment to be on the verge of admitting he is playing charades and ordering some tea that is not even orange pekoe. Most of the others either apply for naturalization papers as soon as they enter, or prove they have no need for them. Indeed, only McKay Morris as the villainous Imperial Preceptor captures any hint of the Chinese. He does so with a wit in the reading, and an excellence of stance and make-up, which stand out.

Whether "Lute Song" is Chinese or not would, of course, be a purely academic point if only it happened to be interesting. There is such a thing as authentic Chinese, and quite another which I can only identify as theatrical Chinese. If the production gave the impression in America of being Chinese in irresistible theatrical terms, no one would give a dropped chopstick whether or not it were truly Chinese. The theatre's job is not that of the *National Geographic*.

The sad truth is that in its present overwhelming production "Lute Song" is dull. The naps it affords far exceed the thrills. The play, the truly charming play, which I suspect lurks behind the spectacle, has suffered Desdemona's fate.

JOHN MASON BROWN.

Richard Rodgers & Oscar Hammerstein 2d present
MADY CHRISTIANS • OSCAR HOMOLKA
in JOHN van DRUTEN'S
I REMEMBER MAMA
from Kathryn Forbes' 'Mama's Bank Account'
with J. TETZEL, A. GESSNER, R. BISHOP
MUSIC BOX, W. 45th St. • Matinees Thurs. & Sat.

THEATRE INCORPORATED presents
GERTRUDE LAWRENCE • RAYMOND MASSEY
in BERNARD SHAW'S Comedy
Pygmalion
Melville COOPER • Cecil HUMPHREYS
Staged by CEDRIC HARDWICKE
BARRYMORE THEATRE, W. 47 ST. LIMITED ENGAGEMENT
Eves. 8:30. Matinees Wed. & Sat. at 2:30

JOHN C. WILSON'S
Gay Musicals
The DAY Before SPRING
Music by FREDERICK LOEWE
Book & Lyrics by ALAN JAY LERNER
Irene MANNING • Bill JOHNSON
John ARCHER
Dances by ANTONY TUDOR
NATIONAL W. 41 St. Eve. 8:30 Mat. Wed. & Sat. 2:30
in association with NAT GOLDSTONE
BLOOMER GIRL
NANETTE FABRAY • DICK SMART • DOOLEY WILSON • DOROTHY JARNAC
Music by HAROLD ARLEN
Lyrics by E. Y. HARBURG
Book by SIG HERZIG and FRED SAIDY
Based on the play by LILITH & DAN JAMES
SHUBERT W. 44 St. Eves. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

"A VERY BIG HIT!" — WALTER WINCHELL
KERN AND HAMMERSTEIN'S
"Show Boat"
Music by JEROME KERN
Book and Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd
Based on the novel by EDNA FERBER
Staged by HASSARD SHORT
ZIEGFELD THEA. 54th St. & 6th Ave. Cl. 5-5200
Eves. 8:30 Sharp. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30 Sharp

The Theatre Guild & John C. Wilson present
ALFRED LUNT • LYNN FONTANNE
"O Mistress Mine"
A New Comedy by TERENCE RATTIGAN
Directed by MR. LUNT
EMPIRE THEA., 40 & Bway. Mats. Thurs., Sat.

"Musical wow of the season"—WINCHELL
PAULA STONE & HUNT STROMBERG, Jr. present
VICTOR HERBERT'S
Most Famous Musical Comedy
The RED MILL
EDDIE FOY, JR. • JACK WHITING
ODETTE MYRTIL • DOROTHY STONE
46th ST. THEATRE—W. of Bway—CI 6-6075
Eves. 8:40—Matinees Wed., Sat. & Feb. 22 2:40

"DREAM GIRL is a dream of a play and Betty Field a dream of a girl!" —CHAPMAN, Daily News
BETTY FIELD
in ELMER RICE'S New Comedy
Dream Girl
CORONET Theatre, 49th St. West of B'way
Evgs. 8:35. Matinees WED. and SAT. 2:35

ARTHUR HOPKINS Presents
"MAGNIFICENT" —BARNES, M. TRIBUNE
The Magnificent Yankee
(JUSTICE OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES)
A New Play by EMMET LAVERY
LOUIS CALHERN DOROTHY GISH
ROYALE THEATRE W. 45th St. • Eves. 8:30 MATS. WED. & SAT.

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RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
Showplace of the Nation
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"Full of entertainment" —Barnes, Herald Tribune.

Clark Gable
Greer Garson
in M G M's
"Adventure"

JOAN BLONDELL
THOMAS MITCHELL

Directed by Victor Fleming
Produced by Sam Zimbalist

ON THE GREAT STAGE
"SKY HIGH"—Fantastic, dazzling spectacle produced by Leonidoff, settings by Bruno Maine . . . with the Rockettes, Vocal Ensemble, Corps de Ballet, and Symphony Orchestra directed by Charles Previn.

Paramount presents
BING CROSBY
BOB HOPE
DOROTHY LAMOUR
in
"ROAD TO UTOPIA"
in Person
BENNY GOODMAN
His Clarinet and Orchestra, with The Famous Sextet Featuring
MEL POWELL
PAT HENNING
PARAMOUNT
Times Square
Midnight Feature Nightly

International Pictures presents
Claudette Colbert
Orson Welles
George Brent
in
"TOMORROW IS FOREVER"
Released through R.K.O. Pictures
Directed by IRVING PICHEL
WINTER GARDEN
Broadway at 50th St.
Doors Open 9 A.M.

The Ghetto That Is Harlem

THE STREET. By Ann Petry. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1946. 436 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by THEODORE M. PURDY

IT'S a white man's world even in Harlem, and Miss Petry amply demonstrates the fact in this vigorous, melodramatic first novel. Her Lutie Johnston, good looking and separated from her husband, seeks nothing more than a decent life and some measure of security for her boy of eight and herself. But the environment—the street—combines with as repulsive a set of characters as any in recent fiction to thwart Lutie's seemingly modest aim. The combination turns her into a murderess and sends her child to reform school.

The picture is not and cannot be an agreeable one, and Miss Petry sometimes piles up the details unmercifully. The sights and sounds and smells of Harlem play almost as great a part in the downfall of the heroine as the economic and emotional handicaps under which she labors. Few will deny at this late date the essential truth of the author's indictment, or question the fact that for many of its inhabitants Harlem becomes a ghetto exploited by unscrupulous whites and Negro "collaborators." Yet it does seem that Miss Petry stacks the cards unfairly against Lutie in her endeavor to bring out to the full the evil influences against which the girl struggles ineffectually. The three men who play leading parts in Lutie's tragedy, for instance, are all vicious to the core. They are Jones, the sex-crazed janitor of the building in which Lutie seeks shelter, Boots, the conniving band leader who offers Lutie a job, and Junto, the white menace who owns the cafe and dance-hall and the apartment in which fat Mrs. Hedges rules a string of young Negro prostitutes. They are all after Lutie from the beginning, and she never really has a chance.

Miss Petry does not always succeed in showing how the street has changed and deformed the lives of these characters, since most of them seem to have been born of original sin, without a spark of goodness or humanity in them. But she does make them terrifyingly real. Jones, in particular, is a nightmare creation of high power, exaggerated perhaps, but unforgettable. His woman, Min, who seeks conjure potions of David the Prophet, to keep his love, is as pathetic as he is horrible. Lutie herself is presented as living on another plane, mentally and morally, from these people. Her thought-processes as revealed by the author are a trifle smug at times, and it is impossible not to feel that a girl of Lutie's native intelligence and hard-won experience might have avoided some of the obvious pitfalls into which the author thrusts her.

Technically the story is well managed. Before it is over we know a great deal not only about Lutie and Bub but about all the other chief characters, yet the dramatic progress of Lutie's tragedy never slows for long. Miss Petry, who wrote "The Street" on a fellowship granted by the publishers, has to her credit a strong, angry, and promising book, sometimes overwritten and certainly not balanced in viewpoint, but well worth the writing and reading.

Time

By Maxine Brinkley

TIME was day and night;
It was too small or great
To meet my mother's "Hurry,"
Or keep from being late.

Time was hands of clocks
Going around each day
And turning poles with stripes
That never rolled away.

Time was a growing shadow
On the garden dial;
It was the wind and rain
My hands and face could feel.

Time was the stillness of trees
The gold fish pool like glass,
Hollyhocks every year
And the summer grass.

Time was the flame in a candle
When any birthday came.
Time was the years behind me
Grown into my name.

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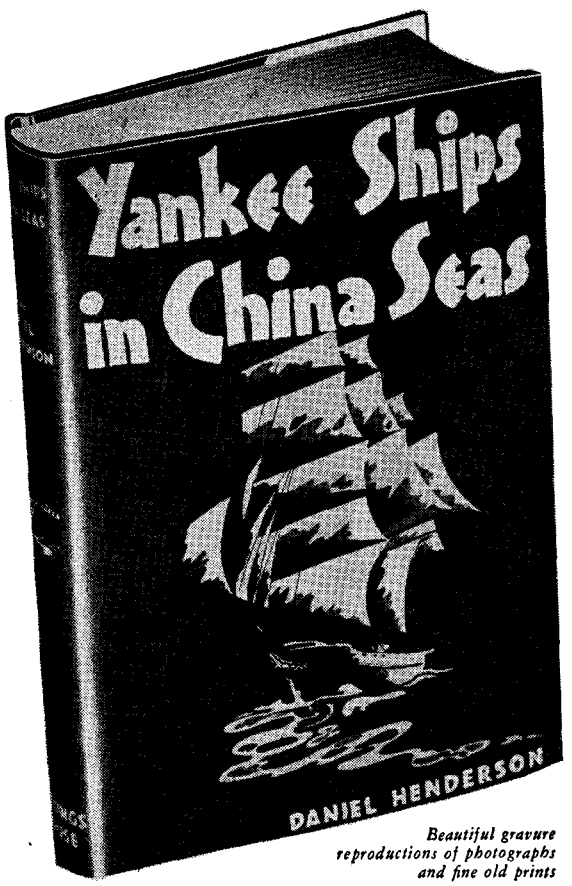
by DANIEL HENDERSON



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HEARING THINGS

MUSIC IN AMERICAN LIFE

OUR time is one of fierce struggle; the preservation of freedom and of life itself is a paramount question crowding lesser concerns into the background. When all our strength is needed to carry water to the burning house, we have little time to think about how to brace the sagging roof. But when (and if) the house is saved, we shall not wish to see it empty. We must return what can be salvaged to its old place, and, acknowledging the changed times and circumstances, replace what has perished. We must live, and among the life-giving powers of the nation—and perhaps not in the last place—is music.

It is saddening to think back upon the proud capitals of music; the scintillating opera houses of Milan, Vienna, Dresden; the fine symphony orchestras of Berlin, Amsterdam, Prague; the excellent conservatories of Bologna, Munich, Budapest; the venerable cathedral choirs of Louvain, Cracow, Hamburg. They represented the living monuments of a glorious musical culture hundreds of years old. Today they are in ruins, most of them not only in a figurative sense.

The great masters whose music reverberated in these institutions are abstractions to us in whose fortunate country music has found a refuge. We honor and admire them, but we cannot entirely realize what they stood for in their homelands, and, caught by the passing vogue of the entertainment world, we forget that these men were not mere purveyors of an evening's entertainment. They knew that with their creations they would inspire future generations to an understanding of their country's art. The blunders of generals, the errors of statesmen, the wounds caused by politicians have been healed and redeemed by the creative artists, foremost among them the musicians, whose art is not limited by language and subject matter.

The American public has remarkable critical faculties in literature. Literature is accessible to everyone and is not dependent on such intermediaries as exhibitions or concerts. The cultural life of the United States early developed a literature reflecting its original stamp. National forces, bound and divided, were liberated and unified, and literature in itself stood for culture, art, program, and salvation.

But from the concrete and natural immediacy of speech it is a long way to the abstract modes of expression resorted to by architecture, sculpture, painting, and music. The latter require thorough and specialized cultural studies for their real enjoyment, and to achieve this a certain atmosphere, or rather public spirit, is essential.

The practice of music in the United States—as in all countries—is as old as the nation itself. Individuals and groups of people make music without conscious effort to channel their activity into a living and creative expression of their art. But when such activity is in rapport with a living art the result is a feeling of kinship and reciprocity with the creative artist.

To cite one significant example: the great chamber music literature of the Viennese school owes its existence to the numerous amateur musicians who loved to band together and play quartets and quintets. These music lovers expected their composers to furnish them with *new* music for their use. Relationship between creative art and its practice was intimate and lasting. We hear these same works played in concerts and our own needs and desires do not materially go beyond listening.

The modern philosophy of history has created a new subject for discussion by opposing culture and civilization. European writers often maintain that culture has always been the product of aristocratic epochs, of periods during which a geographic unit was subjected to hierarchic intellectual life. It is undeniable that the activity of such periods is fundamental in the development of a culture, and it is equally certain that a unified culture is usually achieved under such conditions. Still, hierarchies and unity are no more among the absolutely essential conditions for a culture than are the guilds of artisans or the Maecenases. In this country the achievements in literature and, more recently, in the fine arts are now being matched in the field of music.

The world's leading composers are living in our midst, and musical America today presents an aspect not unlike the France of some decades ago which was the Mecca of the painters of the world. There is one great difference, however. The painters who flocked to France to consort with the greatest masters of the school of impressionism, to live in the very atmosphere that lent radiant color to their canvases, were interested solely in the creative aspects of their art, whereas our American musical life is still far more a practice of music than a culture of music. The fact that even our greatest cities with their millions of inhabitants can each support only one first-class orchestra, and that this immense country can boast a mere handful of opera houses, indicates this clearly.

Our official concert and opera life has been accustomed to revolve around the well-established international concert and theatre industry and is largely founded upon the music of the last century, the century of romanticism. The model in concert and opera used to be Germany, in church music and college music England, and a little later, when the vogue of the artists and conductors of those countries passed, France and Russia came to the fore. Such a limitation would be unthinkable in other fields of art and letters because literary men and artists as well as their public have learned to distinguish between tradition and heritage. The tradition of the German or Russian musicians cannot become our tradition, but their musical heritage can be absorbed by us. In the past the healthy musical instincts of the various nations have always found a way to reconcile a foreign artistic influence with their own predilections. The madrigal, opera comique, symphonic poem, all owe their existence to a clear recognition of heritage as divorced from tradition and practice. The work of contemporary American composers, the growing number of serious musical organizations, the vast improvement and acceptance of

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music in the academic field, and the inception of a serious and valuable American literature on music tend to show that something of that nature is taking place in our own musical life.

But there is still a long uphill fight ahead of us, for music is administered by executives who, like their colleagues in other industries, are mainly concerned with running an efficient and income-producing business enterprise. If we add to this the incredibly archaic social game that goes hand in glove with the business side of music, and advertising, which annexed music as an auxiliary to what is considered the principal function of the radio, and the great popularity of certain types of entertainment music which many misguided persons consider the very essence of our musical genius, it is clear that much will have to be done before music can become to American life what literature is today.

The wish to contribute in some measure toward this end is what prompted the editors to establish a corner in the SRL devoted to music. And it is most proper that the cudgel should be taken up by a literary magazine, for the problems of our musical life transcend professional theorizing. The composer and player must have a public, an intelligent public not subject to regimentation, and this public is the same which likes a good book or a good play. It is for them that this department will be administered, to clear away some of the misconceptions that prevent the free enjoyment of music.

PAUL HENRY LANG.

On Both Sides of the Track

BEFORE THE SUN GOES DOWN. By Elizabeth Metzger Howard. New York: Doubleday & Co. 1946. 378 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by NANCY GROBERG

AS we move, with the seasons through the small Pennsylvania town of 1880-1881, Mrs. Howard's people of Willowspring complicate our lives more than we had thought or hoped they would. Mrs. Howard has set herself rather a gigantic task, for, inasmuch as she has refused to limit herself to any specific area of Willowspring life, she has made it necessary for us to identify ourselves with the whole of the town, all the strange people who walk its streets—the two great dynastics (Albrights and Sargents), and the lesser families as well. Mrs. Howard's compassion is boundless: it is on both sides of the track at once, and is seeking constantly to take us with it. Through the eyes of the philosopher, Dr. Field, we see the families—the great ones, whose values are rooted in materialism and tradition, their children, who dare to move in circles below their station—and the others, the poor whites, the Negro and the Jew, the underprivileged and amoral, those against whom are committed outrages which they have come to expect, scarcely families at all, but pathetic groups of people whose miseries have been shared by many who lived after them.

Mrs. Howard's good intentions are inescapable. Her great warmth and sensitivity, a deep and genuine feeling for these people, are conveyed through characters like Doc Field. The entire town of Willowspring comes alive. Its two leading families are unimportant; it is Willowspring, as a startling, heterogeneous center of human activity which makes the story, Willowspring which is important. One feels, suddenly, that Mrs. Howard has attempted to embrace the universe.

And, paradoxically, while it is this warmth, this great feeling for humanity and the miseries which it may encounter in the face of false and abortive values, which make Mrs. Howard's book important, it is the very reason for her failure to produce a fine novel. She simply is not equipped, at this point, to embrace the universe. In her rapid shifting around through the lives and streets of Willowspring, her probing of Willowspring minds and Willowspring philosophies, she has produced a book which is essentially episodic—formless and plotless. To plunge us suddenly into the midst of a town teeming with racial, political, and social conflict, is to presuppose a certain knowledge of that town or, if the vital statistics are to be supplied, an ability to adjust rather rapidly. In this case, the statistics are supplied, but in such a way as to make a rapid adjustment almost impossible. We are swept relentlessly through the troubled lives of the smallest and largest Willowspring families, and the characters, almost crystallized, are real enough. But the co-ordination is not there, the comprehensive manoeuvering and binding are not there to leave us with a single, lucid theme. The feeling is there all right; Mrs. Howard's rhythmic style and genuine sympathy are enough to give us the feeling of Willowspring, to draw us close to her characters. But there is an uncomfortable suspicion throughout that we are groping too, that we shall never really straighten people out for ourselves; we feel distinctly disorganized, and there are times when we should like to tear our hair.

It is understandable that Doubleday and M.G.M. saw fit, between them, to present to Mrs. Howard the attractive sum of 140,000 dollars. People like Doc Field, the Albright children, and the Sargent children, Gregory Beamer, Ray Stoddard, are not easily forgotten. They are strange, wise characters, and they are strong ones. The multi-colored strands of Mrs. Howard's expedition might quickly be woven together into a single colorful and moving story. Her manner is individual, her intention noble, her vision sharp, for all its wandering. But her work will be neither artistically nor socially important until she has acquired that wonderful characteristic of the artist —the determination to treat clearly and neatly the things he looks upon with profound sympathy.

YOUR LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. "Twinkle, twinkle, little star." Jane Taylor: The Star.
2. "Mary had a little lamb." Sarah Hale: Mary's Lamb.
3. "How doth the little busy bee improve each shining hour?" Isaac Watts: "How Doth the Little Busy Bee."
4. "There was a little girl who had a little curl right in the middle of her forehead." Longfellow: There Was a Little Girl.
5. "The boy stood on the burning deck, whence all but him had fled." Felicia Hemans: Casabianca.
6. "Little drops of water, little grains of sand, make the mighty ocean and the pleasant land." Julia Carney: Little Things.
7. "Out of the night that covers me, black as the pit from pole to pole, I thank whatever gods may be for my unconquerable soul." William E. Henley: Invictus.
8. "It is easy enough to be pleasant, when life flows by like a song, but the man worth while is one who will smile when everything goes dead wrong." Ella Wheeler Wilcox: Worth While.
9. "A Fool there was and he made his prayer (even as you and I!) to a rag and a bone and a hank of hair." Kipling: The Vampire.
10. "Woodman, spare that tree!" George Pope Morris: Woodman, Spare That Tree.

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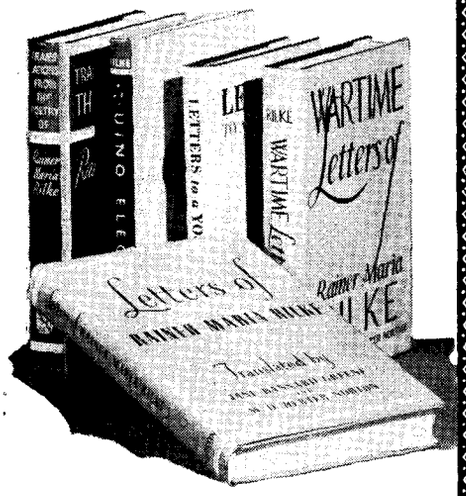

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Seeds of Fascism

THE STONE IN THE RAIN. By Laurette McDuffie. New York: Doubleday & Co. 1946. 246 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by SARA HENDERSON HAY

THIS is the picture of the enemy face of racial and religious persecution, the evil infection of anti-Semitism and Fascism in the small town of Somerset, North Carolina. Until Luther Perrin, hypocritical pillar of the church and one of the most influential men in town, began to sow the seeds of intolerance and prejudice, Somerset, like so many other places, had been content merely to discriminate against the Negro. The few Jewish families in the community had been "just like any other Americans; the only difference is that they go to the Synagogue instead of to a church." But Luther Perrin believed differently. "The world is in trouble today," he said,

> because it has forgotten fundamental principles. It's the style now to blame the whole European mess on this man Hitler over in Germany, but whatever his faults may be, Mr. Hitler is smart enough to understand what the rest of them don't: the importance of blood kinship. Blood kinship and unity of religious background—those are the first essentials for strength and health.

Luther planned to develop a summer resort, a restricted colony, for Gentiles only. He wanted a manager for this project, and in the person of Cole Rives, ex-drummer for a drug concern, he found just the man he was looking for. Cole Rives was mean-spirited, sly, unscrupulous; the coward who, given the whip hand, turns into an arrogant bully. Jennie, the Perrins' colored cook, described Rives for what he was—"trash." Luther Perrin's daughter, Louise, disliked and distrusted the newcomer, but she was too lethargic, too much under her father's domination, to do anything but feel vaguely unhappy about the situation. Her husband, Hal Robey, was a weakling, a man who for ten years had worked for his father-in-law as a sort of glorified office boy.

Miss McDuffie's book is not only the story of how the disease of Fascism, fostered by a few corrupt men, can take hold in an easy-going, unthinking community, how tragedy is brought upon innocent people, but it is as well the story of psychological maladjustment, of Hal's and Louise's struggle to solve their emotional problems and get away from Luther's possessive and vicious domination. The weakness of the book is that Miss McDuffie has, I think, in this double theme bitten off just a little more than she can chew.

She is extremely adept in setting the stage and the situation. She shows us a small Southern town, ingrown, static, self-satisfied. She introduces as characters a group of singularly neurotic people. Louise's background and personality, that of a frustrated, oversexed but inhibited girl who grows into an unhappy woman, who marries but who comes back to her father's home, is well and convincingly sketched. Louise's furtive affair with a coarse and brutal neighbor, the husband of her friend; her unsatisfactory relationship to her own husband, are in character. But Louise's final awakening and redemption are too suddenly and patly brought about. It is as if the book had been cut, and that the steps in the logical development of Louise's and Hal's relationship to each other and their problems have been stated as *faits accomplis* rather than shown while the story progressed.

The main theme is better handled—the tragic consequences of Luther Perrin's machinations, the part which the despicable Cole Rives plays in the scheme. Miss McDuffie's book is a passionately sincere, graphic, and compelling picture of an evil which is at large in many American communities; a warning against the complacency which does not recognize the face of the enemy in its midst.

This is the author's first book. Its weakness, if I have dwelt too critically on what seems to me its weakness, is that of a first novel which attempts to crowd too many elements into its scope. To encompass what Miss McDuffie sets out to do would have taken a much longer book, and taxed the skill of a more expert psychologist than she is at present. But her talent is so considerable, her sincerity so unmistakable, and her sympathy and humanity so warm and vital that she is a writer well worth watching.

The Fargos of Nebraska

HEED THE THUNDER. By Jim Thompson. New York: Greenberg. 1946. 297 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by PHIL STONG

THERE are a number of good stories in this book but the whole effect is moderately confusing. It is the story of a Nebraska clan, the Fargos (no relation to Wells), who fight each other, seduce each other—and seduction is an accomplishment of more than one sex—swindle each other, and frequently hate each other, profoundly and finally, but nevertheless hang together when any permanent damage to any member is threatened by an outsider.

Most of the Fargos are farmers, but through various contacts some of the remote members are bankers, one is a lawyer and there are one or two bums—more than that if one counts children. These people are located in and near a town called Verdon which is not identified geographically except for the fact that it seems to be conveniently near Kansas City and Lincoln.

Thus begins the confusion, for the author mentions the devastation of the region by improper cultivation, resulting in sand barrens, cacti, and rattlesnakes. The rattlesnakes are all right for eastern Nebraska, though people spend years there without seeing one; the cacti are grown in pots by old ladies in Omaha. The agricultural production on the sand dunes is appalling—it wasn't cactus bread they fed us during the war, or cactus-fed hogs.

The people are somewhat the same except when they have their particular scenes, which are frequently very effective, but there is no more continuity to the dialogue than there is to the story. One moment the action and speech are Caldwell, another Steinbeck, in one amusing scene, as Heaven is my witness, Booth Tarkington, in too many others *Esquire* in its naughtiest moments.

This is not to say that there is not a good deal of Mr. Thompson, too, but to get the effect of the story as a whole one should practise on a Sears-Roebuck epic.

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ART EXHIBITIONS

MARCH

AKRON, OHIO

Art Institute: Planning the Modern Home, Look at Your Neighborhood, to Mar. 3; Graphic Arts, to Mar. 18; Introduction to Modern Sculpture, Work by Local Photographers, to Mar. 21.

ALBANY, N.Y.

Institute of History and Art: Painting in Canada, American Drawing Annual VI—Drawings and the War, to Mar. 10; Art in the Schools, Mar. 12-24.

ANDOVER, MASS.

Addison Gallery of American Art: Design in Advertising, to Mar. 4.

ATHENS, GA.

University of Georgia: Paintings by Howard Thomas, to Mar. 15.

ATHENS, OHIO

Chubb Gallery, Ohio University: Ohio Valley Oil and Watercolor Show, Mar. 1-21.

AUBURN, N.Y.

Cayuga Museum: Cayuga County Historical Society Exhibit; Illustrators' Show, Frank J. Reilly; Health Exhibit, American Red Cross; Prints, National Gallery Collection, all, through Mar.

BALTIMORE, MD.

Museum of Art: Annual All Maryland Artists Exhibition, Elements of Design, to Mar. 3; 19th and 20th Century French Paintings, current.

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Cranbrook Academy: Contemporary American Paintings, to Mar. 12; Costumes and Dance by Carlos Merida, 19th Century Mexican Engravings, to Mar. 14; Figure of Man in Ancient American Art (Amer. Fed. of Arts), Mar. 10-31; Lesson of War Housing, Mar. 13-Apr. 3; Pennsylvania Barns, photographs, Mar. 13-Apr. 12.

BOSTON, MASS.

Institute of Modern Art: Four Spaniards, from Mar. 3.
Museum of Fine Arts: New Directions in Gravure, to Mar. 10; Turner-Constable, Bonington, Mar. 21-Apr. 28.

BUFFALO, N.Y.

Albright Art Gallery: 12th Annual Western New York Exhibition, Mar. 6-31.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Fogg Museum of Art: French Paintings, through Mar. 16; Graphic Work of Edvard Munch (1863-1944), through Mar. 20; Treasures from the Islamic Collection, Medieval Korean Pottery, from the Collection of Charles B. Hoyt, Graphic Work of Paul Gauguin, through Mar. 30.

CHICAGO, ILL.

Art Institute: Bellows, to Mar. 10; Looking at Sculpture, through June 1.
Associated American Artists: Thomas Benton, through Mar. 16; Ivan Le Lorraine Albright and Zsissly, Mar. 18 through 30.

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CINCINNATI, OHIO

Modern Art Society: Moholy-Nagy Exhibit, through Mar. 18.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

Museum of Art: Power in the Pacific, through Mar. 24; Stained Glass-Design and Process, Lithographs of Toulouse Lautrec, through Mar.; Portraits of Distinguished Negro Citizens, in Coöperation with the Friendly Inn and The Harmon Foundation, Mar. 5-Apr. 7; How Modern Artists Paint People, Mar. 8-Apr. 5; Caricatures and Cartoons, Mar. 12-Apr. 14.

COLUMBIA, S.C.

University of S.C. Library: U.S. National Museum, How a Print is Made, to Mar. 15; Miss Mattie Lou Bradbury, Charleston, Mar. 18-29.

DENVER, COLO.

Art Museum: Chappell House Galleries—Exhibition of Prints, Paintings, and Drawings by Paul Klee, to April 12. City and County Building—Exhibition of Recent Works by Alfred Wands, to Mar. 25.

DETROIT, MICH.

Institute of Arts: Origins of Modern Sculpture, Some Modern American Abstract Painters, through Mar. 3; Karl Zerbe and Ben Shahn, from Mar. 5; Detroit Museum of Art 1883-1946, Mar. 19 through Apr. 21.

HUNTINGTON, L.I.

Heckscher Museum: American Landscape Painting of the 19th Century, through Mar. 21.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

William Rockhill Nelson Gallery: Annual Photographic Exhibition; Memorial Exhibition, Collection of Miss Frances M. Logan, Whistler Etchings, lent from the Harris Whittemore Collection; English Lustre from Burnap Collection, all, through Mar.

LOUISVILLE, KTY.

J. B. Speed Memorial Museum: Paintings by Thomas Eakins from the Philadelphia Museum of Art, to Apr. 7.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Art Institute: 10th Annual Exhibition of Milwaukee Printmakers, 27th Annual Exhibition of Wisconsin Designer-Craftsmen, Cleveland Traveling Oil Exhibition, Kandinsky Memorial Exhibition, to Mar. 10; French Contemporary Painting, Buffalo Artists' Traveling Exhibition, Mar. 15-Apr. 13.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

University Gallery: American Craftsman Exhibition, Mar. 8-Apr. 23; *Walker Art Center*: Sculpture and Drawings by Alonzo Hauser, to Mar. 24.

MONTCLAIR, N.J.

Art Museum: Contemporary Portraits, Mar. 17-Apr. 7.

NEWARK, N.J.

Artists of Today Gallery: Willard MacGregor, through Mar. 9; Catherine Lamb, Mar. 11 through 23; Mary Van Blarcom, Mar. 25 through Apr. 6. *Museum*: Print Exhibition, various media, through early March; Changing Tastes in Painting and Sculpture, 1795-1945, through early Spring.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

Yale University Art Gallery: John Hill Morgan Collection, to Mar. 17.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

Delgado Museum: Fifty Artists and Walkowitz (Amer. Fed. of Arts), to Mar. 6; Annual Exhibition Art Association of New Orleans, Mar. 10-Apr. 14.

NEW YORK CITY

A. C. A. Gallery, 63 E. 57 St.: Benjamin Kopman, to Mar. 2; Paintings by Dahlov Ipcar, Mar. 11-23; Paintings by Claire Mahl, Mar. 18-30; Sculpture by Aaron Goodelman, Mar. 25-Apr. 13.

American-British Art Center, 44 W. 56 St.: Paintings by Grandma Moses, to Mar. 23; American Abstract Artists, Mar. 25-Apr. 18.

An American Place, 509 Madison Ave.: New Oils and Pastels—1945—by Georgia O'Keeffe, to Apr. 7.

Argent Galleries, 42 W. 57 St.: Katharine Bertram, Marguerita Gibbons, and Ethel Paxson, to Mar. 2; Members Show in Oils of the National Association of Women Artists, Mar. 4-23; New York Society of Craftsmen, Mar. 25-Apr. 6.

Associated American Artists, 711 Fifth Ave.: Nicolai Cikovsky, to Mar. 16; Sculpture by Nathaniel Kaz, Mar. 12-30; Aaron Bohrod, Mar. 18-Apr. 6.

Babcock Galleries, 38 E. 57 St.: Paintings by 19th and 20th Century American Artists, Mar. 4-30.

Bignou Gallery, 32 E. 57 St.: Contemporary Paintings, to Mar. 9.

Brandt Gallery, 15 E. 57 St.: Leopold and Kupferman, to Mar. 16.

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway: Polish Prints, to Mar. 3; 5,000 Years of Fibers and Fabrics, Chinese Furniture, to Mar. 31.

Buchholz Gallery, 32 E. 57 St.: Graham Sutherland, to Mar. 23.

Carroll Carstairs, 11 E. 57 St.: Paintings and watercolors by Michel G. Gilbert, Mar. 18-Apr. 6.

Contemporary Arts Inc., 106 E. 57 St.: 15th Annual Retrospection, The Sponsored Group, to Mar. 8; Paintings by Beatrice Cumming, Mar. 11-29.

Downtown Gallery, 43 E. 51 St.: Recent Paintings by Charles Sheeler, Mar. 5-23; Recent Paintings by Paul Burlin, Mar. 26-Apr. 13.

Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57 St.: Paintings by Enrico Donati, Mar. 4 through 23.

Durlacher Bros., Inc., 11 E. 57 St.: Caravaggio and the Caravaggisti, Mar. 4 through 31.

Ferargil Gallery, 63 E. 57 St.: Watercolors by Barse Miller, to Mar. 10. Paintings by Albert P. Ryder and Arthur B. Davies, Mar. 4-23; Flower Show, Sculpture and Paintings. Mar. 12-Apr. 10.

Galerie Neuf, 342 E. 79 St.: Ruby Barco and Ruth Dennis, to Mar. 20.

Galerie St. Etienne, 46 W. 57 St.: Georges Rouault, to Mar. 23.

Grand Central Art Galleries, 15 Vanderbilt Ave.: Watercolors by Sears Gallagher, Mar. 5 through 16; Exhibition of Sculpture, Mar. 19 through Apr. 6; Watercolors by John Chetcuti, Mar. 26 through Apr. 6.

Grand Central Art Galleries, Branch, 55 E. 57 St.: Paintings by Harry Waltman, Mar. 4 through 16.

Grolier Club, 47 E. 60 St.: Etchings by John Taylor Arms, to Mar. 10.

Arthur H. Harlow and Co., 42 E. 57 St.: Paintings by Dwight Shepler. U.S.N.R. (U. S. Navy Loan Exhibition), Mar. 4-30.

Jane Street Gallery, 35 Jane St.: Frances Eckstein, to Mar. 26; Albert Kresch, Mar. 29-Apr. 29.

Kleeman Galleries, 65 E. 57 St.: New Paintings by Werner Drewes, Mar. 4 through 30.

Knoedler and Co., 14 E. 57 St.: Paintings by Pedro Figari, Mar. 4 through 23.

Kootz Gallery, 15 E. 57 St.: The Big Top, paintings of the circus, Mar. 4 through 23; Paintings and Watercolors by Romare Bearden, based on the poem by Lorca, Lament for Ignacio Sanchez Mejias, Mar. 25 through Apr. 13.

Kraushaar Galleries, 32 E. 57 St.: Paintings by Ernst Halberstadt, to Mar. 16; Watercolors of Mexico and Guatemala by Henry E. Schnakenberg, Mar. 18-30.

Mortimer Levitt Gallery, 16 W. 57 St.: Oils by Zouté, to Mar. 23.

Julien Levy Gallery, 42 E. 57 St.: Paintings by Arshile Gorky, and by Howard Warshaw, through Mar. 9; Paintings by Eugene Berman. Mar. 12-Apr. 6.

Lilienfeld Galleries, 21 E. 57 St.: Martin Kainz, through Mar. 8; French Masters, Mar. 11 through 29.

Macbeth Gallery, 11 E. 57 St.: Paintings by Ary Stillman, through Mar. 9; Watercolors by Arthur K. D. Healy, Mar. 11-30.

Marquié Gallery, 16 W. 57 St.: Gouaches and Drawings by Antonio Gattorno, to Mar. 9.

Metropolitan Museum of Art, Fifth Ave. at 82 St.: Chinese Ceremonial Bronzes, through Mar. 10; the Helena Woolworth McCann Collection of Chinese Lowestoft, European Drawings, Recent Accessions to the American Wing, Prints of the Time of the Counter Reformation, Old Mexican Pottery, closings indefinite; The Rearranged Galleries of Egyptian Art, opening Mar. 29. Junior Museum, Paul Revere, and The Horse, continuing. Cloisters, Angels of the Lord, through Mar. 3.

Midtown Galleries, 605 Madison Ave.: Paintings by Henry Billings, through Mar. 9; Emlen Etting, Mar. 12 through 30.

Milch Galleries, 108 W. 57 St.: Memorial Exhibition of Paintings and

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Pastels by William H. Singer, Jr., to Mar. 9; Paintings by a Selected Group of American Artists, Mar. 11-30.
Morton Galleries, 117 W. 58 St.: Paintings by Faye M. Henthorne, Mar. 11-23; Paintings by Minnie Mikell, Mar. 25-Apr. 13.
Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. between 103 and 104 Streets: All the Grown-ups (The Story of Evening Elementary Schools), to Mar. 11; We Cover *The New Yorker* to Mar. 25.
Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53 St.: Creative Art by American Children, to be sent to Soviet Russia, to Mar. 3; New Dormitories for Smith College, Architecture in Steel, A Home for U.N.O. and New Acquisitions (European and American Painting and Sculpture), continuing; Photographs by Edward Weston, through Mar. 31; Arts of the South Seas, to May 19.
National Academy, Fifth Ave. at 90 St.: 120th Annual Exhibition, Part II, Mar. 13-Apr. 1.
New-Age Gallery, 138 W. 15 St.: Oils and Prints by Albert Abramowitz, to Mar. 16.
Newhouse Gallery, 15 E. 57 St.: New Paintings and First Sculptures by Angna Enters, to Mar. 16.
New York Historical Society, 170 Central Park West: 95th Anniversary of the death of John J. Audubon, Watercolors, oils, and prints, to July 14.
Nierendorf Gallery, 53 E. 57 St.: Paintings by Charles Howard, to Mar. 10; New works by Julio de Diego, Mar. 4-31.
Passedoit Gallery, 121 E. 57 St.: Paintings by Conrad Albrizio, Mar. 4 through 23; Paintings 1945-1946 by Amedée Ozenfant, Mar. 25 through Apr. 13.
Perls Gallery, 32 E. 58 St.: Karl Priebe, to Mar. 23.
Paul Rosenberg and Co., 16 E. 57 St.: Recent Paintings by Max Weber, Mar. 4-30.
Bertha Schaefer Gallery, 32 E. 57 St.: Paintings by Ben-Zion, Mar. 4-23.
Whitney Museum of American Art, 10 W. 8 St.: 1946 Annual Exhibition of Contemporary American Sculpture, Watercolors, and Drawings, to Mar. 13.

PALM BEACH, FLA.

Society of the Four Arts: French Impressionist Exhibition, through Mar. 17.

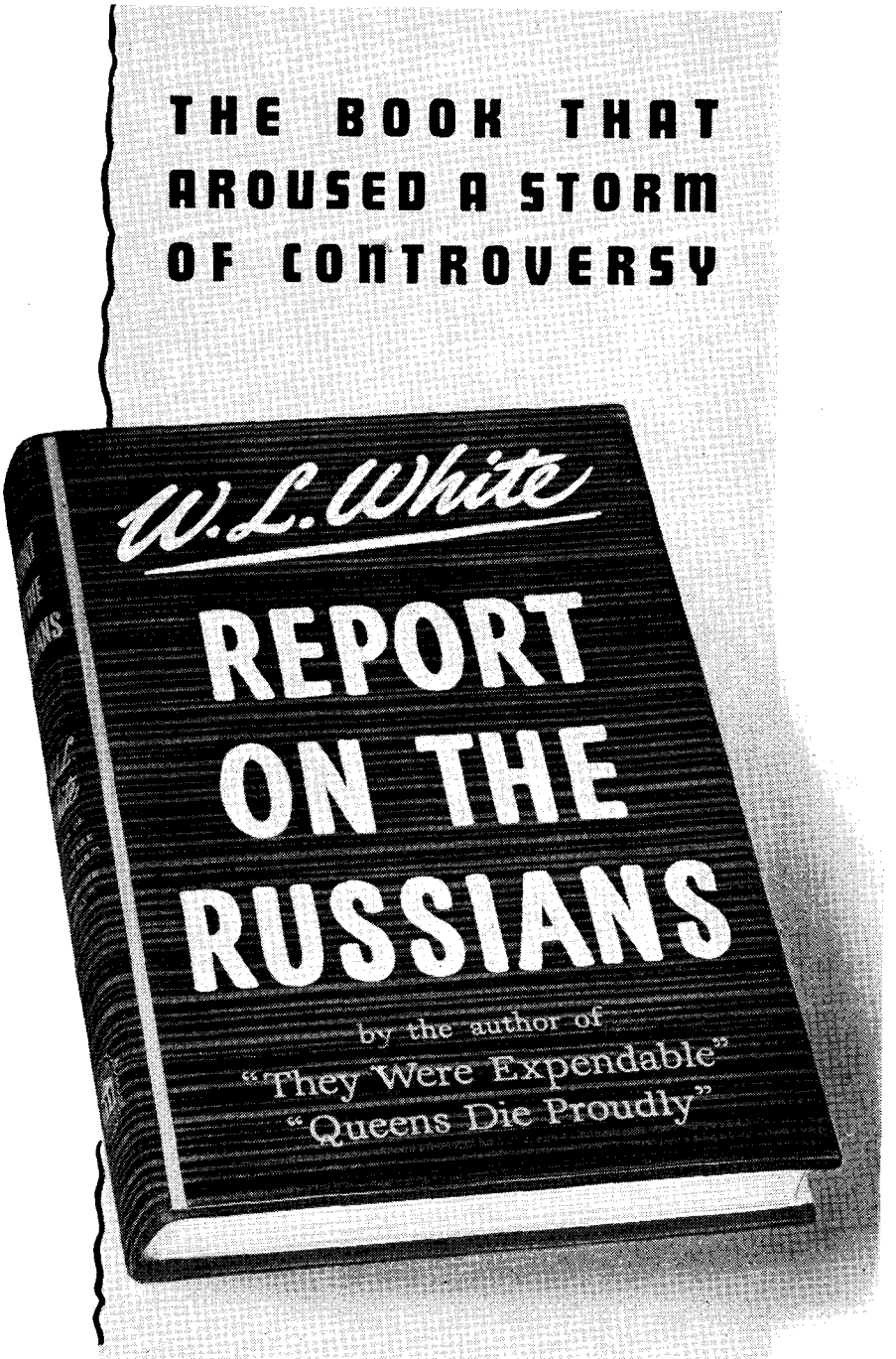
PASADENA, CALIF.

Art Institute: *Pasadena National,* Mar. 2 through Apr. 28.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts: 141st Annual Exhibition of Paintings and Sculpture, to Mar. 3.
Art Alliance: Oils, watercolors and prints by Jeannette M. Kohn, to Mar. 14; Modern Art in Advertising (Container Corporation of America), to Mar. 17; Ceramics by Charles Abbott, Aurelius Renzetti, Mary and Edwin Scheier, and Lydia K. Winston, to Mar. 31; Industrial Design by Peter Muller—Munk, Mar. 4-Apr. 5; Design with Light, Mar. 18-Apr. 12; Tiles by Sherry Martinelli, Mar. 19-Apr. 7; Watercolors by Laurence Kupferman, Mar. 20-Apr. 7.

(*Continued on page* 41)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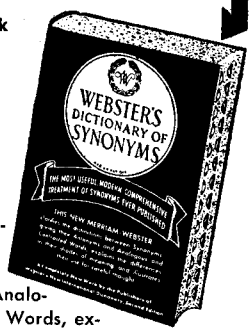

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The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
SECRET OF THE LAKE HOUSE *John Rhode* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	Bullet through back of egocentric owner of English country estate brings Supt. Waghorn and Dr. Priestley to scene.	After Waghorn gets his man by meticulous methods Dr. P. puts in his penn'orth. Very interesting—but hard to believe.	Questionable
THERE ARE 13 *Francis Beeding* (Harpers: $2.)	Granby of British Secret Service and pal John Oliver take over too talkative escaped French flier bearing message that spreads throuble.	Wartime (1942) adventures in England and France with Laval as one of principals and Granby as indomitable as ever.	Good spy-stuff
DEATH AT THE MIKE *Alfred Eichler* (Lantern: $2.)	Woman seeking advice on radio "personal problems" program perishes at microphone. Others die before adman Ames shows police solution.	Breezy and topical tale that garbs fantastic plot—and not uncommon murder method—in gaudy trappings of air and agency patter.	Routine
CALL THE LADY INDISCREET *Paul Whelton* (Lippincott: $2.)	Garry on-the-spot Dean, Belle City crime reporter, solves two murders and cleans up gang of stolen-goods racketeers.	An explosive combination of liquor, psychotic females, thugs of all degrees, volcanic violence, and bits of smooth sleuthing.	Toujours le Tough!
SOMEWHERE IN THE HOUSE *Elizabeth Daly* (Rinehart: $2.)	With Henry Cramadge watching members of socialite N. Y. family open long-sealed room and find desiccated strangled corpse. Cramadge elucidates.	Well-bred, well-constructed, expertly solved story of killings, past and present, blackmail, thuggee, solanders, missing family treasures, and musty scandals.	Admirable
MONEY ON THE BLACK *Allan MacKinnon* (Crime Club: $2.)	Scotland Yarder on leave from African front keeps hand in by solving slayings of London blonde and her mysterious admirer.	Its Davey Stanner's show but Inspector Duncan MacCallum really pulls strings that clears up most surprise-ful yarn in weeks.	Hard to beat!
BARREN HERITAGE *Lavinia R. Davis* (Crime Club: $2.)	Army wife, visiting mansion of arrogant cousin in N. J. pine barrens, discovers corpse. Family butler also perishes. Army captain turns sleuth.	Good characterization and suspenseful action effectively blended. Piney background interesting and detecting, although rudimentary, goes down easily.	Enjoyable
DEATH LIFTS THE LATCH *Anthony Gilbert* (Smith and Durrell: $2.)	English nurse attends new patient who very promptly dies — suspiciously. Subsequent events almost kill nurse and give Arthur Crook good hunting.	Malevolent slayer's pursuit of pretty nurse, her rescue, and his unmasking—in absolutely knock-out finish—show Crook at his best.	Humdinger!
I'LL SAY SHE DOES *Peter Cheyney* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	Lemmy Caution, Special Agent of F.B.I. attached to U. S. army in Paris, has himself quite a time.	Caution covers some obvious foreign agents, finally uncovers one not so obvious, recovers valuable papers, discovers variety of beautiful broads.	Caution
CONTACT MERCURY *Leonard H. Nason* (Doubleday: $2.50.)	Piano - playing step-brother of two nasty characters is involved in their murders. Mid-West Deputy Sheriff Henderson goes into action	One healthy character—outside of cops—in story. Others are bums. Plot keeps you guessing right up to very queer ending.	Take it or leave it
FLIGHT OF AN ANGEL *Verne Chute* (Morrow: $2.)	"Jamey-Boy Raider" or whoever he is—he doesn't know—runs through murderous scenes in Cal. while regaining identity.	Raider tangles with gangsters, plays hare and hounds with cops, entrances various gals, and winds up happily. Odd fish but good.	Quite a dish

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ART EXHIBITIONS

(Continued from page 39)

Museum of Art: Franklyn Watkins and Arthur B. Carles, to Mar. 17.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

Carnegie Institute: 36th Annual Exhibition of the Associated Artists of Pittsburgh, to Mar. 14; Paintings and Prints from the Collection of Charles J. Rosenbloom, to Mar. 24; Selected Examples from Thirty Years of Etching by John Taylor Arms, to Apr. 14; Annual Pittsburgh Salon of Photography, Mar. 22-Apr. 21.

PORTLAND, ORE.

Art Museum: Milwaukee Artists Group. Mar. 9-31; Oregon Guild—Sculpture by Marianne Gold, through Mar.

PROVIDENCE, R.I.

Museum of Art: "Are Clothes Modern?" (Museum of Modern Art), Mar. 12-30.

RICHMOND, VA.

Virginia Museum of Fine Arts: Sculpture by John Flannagan, to Mar. 6; 5th biennial Exhibition of Contemporary American Painting, Mar. 30-Apr. 25.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

City Art Museum: 39th Annual Exhibition of American Paintings, to Mar. 19; Thorne Miniature Rooms, to June 9.

SAN DIEGO, CALIF.

Fine Arts Gallery: Paintings by Hari Kidd, Paintings by Lt. James Egleson, U.S.N.R., Selected Examples of Jacob Lawrence, through Mar.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

Museum of Art: 10th Annual San Francisco Art Association Exhibition of Drawings and Prints, to Mar. 10.

SEATTLE, WASH.

Art Museum: Northwest Printmakers' Annual, Mar. 6-Apr. 7.

SOUTH HADLEY, MASS.

Dwight Art Memorial: From Sketch to Stage (Museum of Modern Art), to Mar. 16; Contemporary Oil Paintings (Whitney Museum of American Art), Mar. 20-Apr. 28.

SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

Illinois State Museum: Silver Jewelry by Johanna van Rhyn and others, from Mar. 25.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

Museum of Fine Arts: Chinese Sculpture, Mar. 15-Apr. 15.
Vincent Smith Art Gallery: George Inness, through Mar. 24.

SYRACUSE, N.Y.

Museum of Fine Arts: Encyclopedia Britannica Collection of Contemporary American Art, to Mar. 15.

TULSA, OKLA.

Philbrook Art Center: Paintings by Lyonel Feininger, Pre-Spanish Peruvian Fabrics, Print-Makers Society of California, Fifth Annual of Alpha Rho Tau, Mar. 5 through 31.

WASHINGTON, D.C.

Corcoran Gallery: Watercolors by Donald H. Robertson, through Mar. 3; 50th Annual Exhibition of the Washington Watercolor Club, through Mar. 5; History and Development of Children's Books, Mar. 7 through 28; 55th Annual Exhibition of the Society of Washington Artists, Mar. 17 through Apr. 10.
National Gallery: New Additions to the Kress Collection; Prints by Hogarth and Rowlandson, History of Medicine in Prints, through Mar.

WICHITA, KAN.

Art Association: Oils by May Todd Aaron, Panels by Santos, Chinese porcelains, portraits, and textiles, through Mar. 30.

WILLIAMSTOWN, MASS.

Lawrence Art Museum: Dance in America, Mar. 22-Apr. 12.

WORCESTER, MASS.

Art Museum: Artists and Craftsmen of Worcester County, to Mar. 17; Brazil Builds, to Mar. 22.

YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO

Butler Art Institute: Julius Delbos, to Mar. 17; Thirteen Modern Painters (from the Babcock Galleries), to Mar. 24; Youngstown Owned and Loaned Show, Mar. 8-31.

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The New Recordings

COMPOSITION, PERFORMER, ALBUM NUMBER, NUMBER OF RECORDS	ENGINEERING			REMARKS
	Balance	*Realism*	*Surface*	
BEETHOVEN, Sonata op. 102, #2, Piatigorsky, 'cello, Berkowitz, piano CX 258 (2) $2.50	Good; 'cello tone well handled, not too predominant.	B+	A—	Gracious music from beginning of Beethoven's last period. For 'cello objectors good album to try.
BEETHOVEN, Leonore Overture #3, Prometheus Overture. NBC Symphony Orch. Toscanini V SP 2 (2) $2.25	Solo instruments very clear.	Exceeds other recordings.	A	Toss-up musically between Walter and Toscanini. Walter set has best ensemble, probably best interpretation. Toscanini more realistic, better solos. His tempo unusually slow.
Older versions: Vienna Philharmonic. Bruno Walter (Ruins of Athens Overture) V M 359 (2) $2.50	Less emphasis on solo instruments, but excellent ensemble	Excellent for its age.	A	
Minneapolis Symph. Mitropoulos CX 173 (2) $2.50		Not too good. "Narrow" tone.	B+	
BERLIOZ, Roman Carnival Overture. Boston Symphony, Koussevitsky V 11-9008 (1) $1	Wide dynamic range; but excessive reverberation (empty hall?) makes last parts confusing. Too "live."		A—	Also recorded by Boston Pops. Boston Symphony version is best musically, but Beecham's is better recording, technically. Other Berlioz overtures are more interesting.
Older versions: Symphony Orch., Eugene Bigot V 12436 (1) $1	Dynamic range less than other versions. "Dead" studio performance.		B— Crackles	
London Philharmonic, Beecham (in album of overtures) C M 552 (4) $4.50	Wide dynamic range. Low reverberation, but not "dead." Details very clear.			

IN days before high-pressure advertising the nation's school marms used a simple grading system to rate the young fry from an E-for-utter-failure to an A for supremely good. C was "average." But in grading the new records this department has run into a general linguistic inflation, easily traceable to the public relations office. We have been forced to use letters in their current colloquial sense—the same range of inflated meanings that defines a "standard" model auto and a bottle of Grade B milk as distinctly inferior products, and brands what is standard quality as in fact Grade A or super-deluxe.

Bowing to the inevitable, we assign A in record quality as the equal of the first-line tire, the Deluxe Ford, and Grade A milk; whereas B is second-line, "standard," *i.e.* not up to highest current standards but still acceptable. C is substandard and D is out of the running.

In defense of alphabetical inflation may it be said that "standard" in scholastic attainment must necessarily be "average," with the lesser and the greater talents on either side. But in an industry such as the record business or the dairy business (or in a profession such as medicine) there is but one standard, and that is pardonably a high one, if not ideally the highest. Thus our A rating for phonograph records reflects an actual competitive excellence in the phonograph record business.

(Though it's not this column's affair, may I suggest that this matter of grade-inflation is serious in education—many schools and colleges have inflated their marks until "average" is in fact B or higher, not C. Right or wrong?)

EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

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the Phoenix Nest

LISTEN HERE, CAPITAL AND LABOR

Hearken to me, O Capital and Labor!
This is no time for quarrels and scraps.
Let's all get together like one big neighbor—
Capital and Labor, you deaf perhaps?

Now bushelman, bushel, and bakers, bake;
Sturdily cast, ye casters on slush;
Stripper-opaquers, strip, opaque;
Ye offset tuschers, tusch, tusch!

Let the ideal of Production illumine
The soul of director, mechanic, clerk.
Let us heed the words of our President Truman
And dedicate all of our strength to work.

So pullers and wringermen, speed your wringers;
Octopus fishers, catch octopus;
And fingerwavers, wave your fingers;
Bus boys, bus girls, buss, buss.

Be earnest! Be firm! Be enthusiastic!
Till a hundred million cars are loose
On the roads, till we're up to our waists in plastic.
Never you mind. Produce! Produce!

Address, addressograph operators;
Jolly recappers, recap, recap;
And cure, curates; curate, curators;
Purse, pursers; lappers, lap.

MORRIS BISHOP

* * *

William Cullen Bryant has been rediscovered. International Publishers have brought out a selection of his writings both in prose and verse, edited with an introduction by Samuel Sillen. ($1.) It is a fine idea to present Bryant as the poet of liberty that he was, and the fiery editor, rather than as that old-young prodigy who wrote the death-loving "Thanatopsis." Bryant was, as Dr. Sillen says, a healthy patriot. Read "The Death of Slavery," that the Neo-Esthetes of today would think no poem at all because it is polemic and says clearly what it means. Read this verse from the poem called "Spain." It stands next to the famous, if moralistic, "To a Waterfowl":

Degenerate Spaniards! Let the priestly band
Possess your realm again; and let them wake
The fires of pious murder in your land,
And drag your best and bravest to the stake,
And tread down truth, and in the dungeon bind
The dreaded strength of mind.

Bryant was a great admirer, incidentally, of Simon Bolivar; and, as Dr. Sillen says, celebrated all the contemporary struggles for freedom. I am glad Dr. Sillen has taken him down from the shelf and out of the study, to both of which he has been relegated too long, and has shown him as the outspoken and courageous old fighter that he was. What Bryant said in his editorial about "The Right of Workmen to Strike" I recommend to Congress and to the head of General Motors. Here it is:

> Strike the right of associating for the sale of labor from the privileges of a freeman, and you may as well at once bind him to a master, or ascribe him to the soil. If it be not in the color of his skin, and in the poor franchise of naming his own terms in a contract for his work, what advantage has the laborer of the North over the bondman of the South? Punish by human laws a "determination not to work," make it penal by any other penalty that idleness inflicts, and it matters little whether the taskmasters be one or many, an individual or an order, the hateful scheme of slavery will have gained a foothold in the land. And the meanness of this law, which visits with its malice those who cling to it for protection, and shelters with all its fences those who are raised above its threats!

Well, the poll-taxers are putting over the Case Bill on the people, wherein all strikes are forbidden until compliance has been secured with a long, complex procedural setup. The Norris-La Guardia anti-injunction law is set aside and effective picketing is prohibited. I wish Bryant were here today to write an editorial about that pernicious measure. As early as 1834, the *New York Evening Post* supported the right of workingmen to organize into trade unions whose objectives were: fewer hours, higher wages, public education, and economic prosperity. The New York press, of course, took the side of Judge Edwards, who charged the jury to find the striking tailors guilty in the case concerning which Bryant wrote the editorial from which I have quoted. Today the *New York Post* is still on the side of the working man, and more power to it. As for the man who wrote "The African Chief" and "The Greek Partisan," he was a fiery particle. He would certainly have been a boon to journalism today. Thank God for his resurrection!

* * *

My next little essay will be called "Masquerade." I had been reading a review in *Voices*, a poetry magazine, of an anthology called "The Poetry of Freedom," in which, incidentally, there are some striking things by Bryant, and was suddenly shocked wide awake by this phrase of the reviewer's, "and we do not know whether to be amused or enlightened at Oscar Wilde, C. Day Lewis, and MacNeice masquerading among the Irish." That raised the temperature of my slight percentage of Irish blood. "Enlightened ye'll be!" I muttered hoarsely. Having long since, at the plaintive request of Henry Mencken, abandoned my-

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 141

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer to No. 141 will be found in the next issue.

BRANDS GHLNBNCF NM

LEOAIBBRHMBF MCORDS, CGI

MCORDSIMC RJ EBB CGNDSM

EDP CGIOI NM DRCGNDS IBMI

BNTI NC.—YORCGIOM TEOEL-

EXRA—JFRPRO PRMCRFIAMTF.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 140

There is character in spectacles—the pretentious tortoiseshell, the meek pince-nez of the school teacher; the twisted silver-framed glasses of the old villager.

—Sinclair Lewis.
—Babbitt.

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self the editorial "We," I searched for the identity of the young reviewer and found the name Schwartz. Obviously no Celt. And then, in my feverish state, through the mists of time, rose a spectral Merrion Square (but that, I began to think, must be in Czechoslovakia). My muttering began again, "There was once an eminent surgeon," it said, and then broke into short, sharp, mad cries of "Speranza! Speranza!" Up from the ocean of dreams floated old Russian names like Fingal and O'Flahertie. There was a Rumanian school, wasn't there, called Enniskillen? There was a Croat professor, Professor J. P. Mahaffy—or was I getting him all mixed up with Professor Moriarty, out of Sherlock Holmes? The masquerade of Oscar continued. A notable Pole named George Bernard Shaw was his countryman. Sebastian Melmoth was French, because he resided in Berneval. But there still, of course, remained the horrid blunder of MacNeice and C. Day Lewis. Resolutely we—I mean I—set myself singularly to forget that Louis MacNeice was born in Belfast of Irish parents from Connemara, and that Cecil Day Lewis first saw the light in Ballintogher, his mother being a collateral descendant of that well-known Belgian, Oliver Goldsmith. Lewis's school of poetry, I am credibly informed, is strongly influenced by the famous Lettish poet, William Butler Yeats. I wonder where the young Mr. Schwartz could have been lately, in a literary sense? Or where have *I* been lately? For, of course, I am fully aware that James MacNeill Whistler was a Manxman, and that Thomas Stearns Eliot was born in Warwickshire; or was that his brother George?

* * *

TWO QUATRAINS

LINES FOR GUESS WHOSE SARCOPHAGUS

Hidden beneath this stony lid
A rimer's bones are lying.
The two best things he ever did
Were this and dying.

ADVICE TO A YOUNG PERSON SEEKING ADVICE

And so you'd like to be a poet. . . .
Well, in reply would say,
The Shadow's right (and don't I know it!):
Rime does not pay.

BARON IRELAND.

* * *

And so, gentles and simples, we part for another week, but not for long.

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

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DOUBLE-CROSTIC: NO. 623

DEFINITIONS

A. Subject of dramatic poem by Byron; overture by Schumann.
B. One of Kipling's "Three Musketeers."
C. Important gold-mining district in Transvaal, S. Africa (with "The").
D. Subject of an "Autobiography" by Gertrude Stein (last name).
E. Finished; ended (2 wds.; Colloq.)
F. A place that does not exist.
G. American illustrator and mural painter (1882- ; Stevenson's works).
H. Rising sun deified under the form of Horus (Egypt. Relig.)
I. Free from conventional reticence.
J. Shifts; turns; veers about.
K. Wife of Joseph and daughter of Potipherah, priest of On (Bib.)
L. Founder of German Social Democratic party (1825-64).
M. Homespun cotton cloth, recently important in Swadeshi (India).
N. State flower of Nevada.
O. Artful; subtle.
P. Compelling attention.
Q. Terpsichorean exhibitions with syncopated rhythms and foot motion (2 wds.)
R. Time of highest strength, vigor, or bloom.
S. Heroine of "The Little Minister."
T. State of being weird or uncanny.
U. Dalmatian-born American author (1899- ; "The Native's Return").
V. Not manifesting kindness or gentleness, etc.
W. State admitted to the Union in 1796.
X. Town in Maine; town on Cape Cod; seaport of Nova Scotia; seaport of East England.

WORDS

76 117 156 10 61 72 112

9 145 70 105 90 57 96 127

164 68 22 157

88 40 172 44 32 124

144 134 67 100 1 78 166 49

39 115 34 162 7 154 142

48 129 168 158 71

159 65 141 155 6 89 104 84

114 14 121 169 99 3 38 128 151

41 125 18 143 91 37 59 174

110 131 160 118 93 54 132

66 25 85 62 13 36 170 106

47 146 60 119 23 5 64

97 21 80 138 86 30 108 148 2

17 163 27 16

75 69 98 53 120 95 137 19 4

15 122 83 24 133 42 46 20 94

149 56 58 33 171 28

11 102 52 29 35 92

31 173 74 26 109 153 136 165

45 103 140 113 126 81

82 139 73 135 111 147 152 51

161 12 79 116 101 107 8 50 130

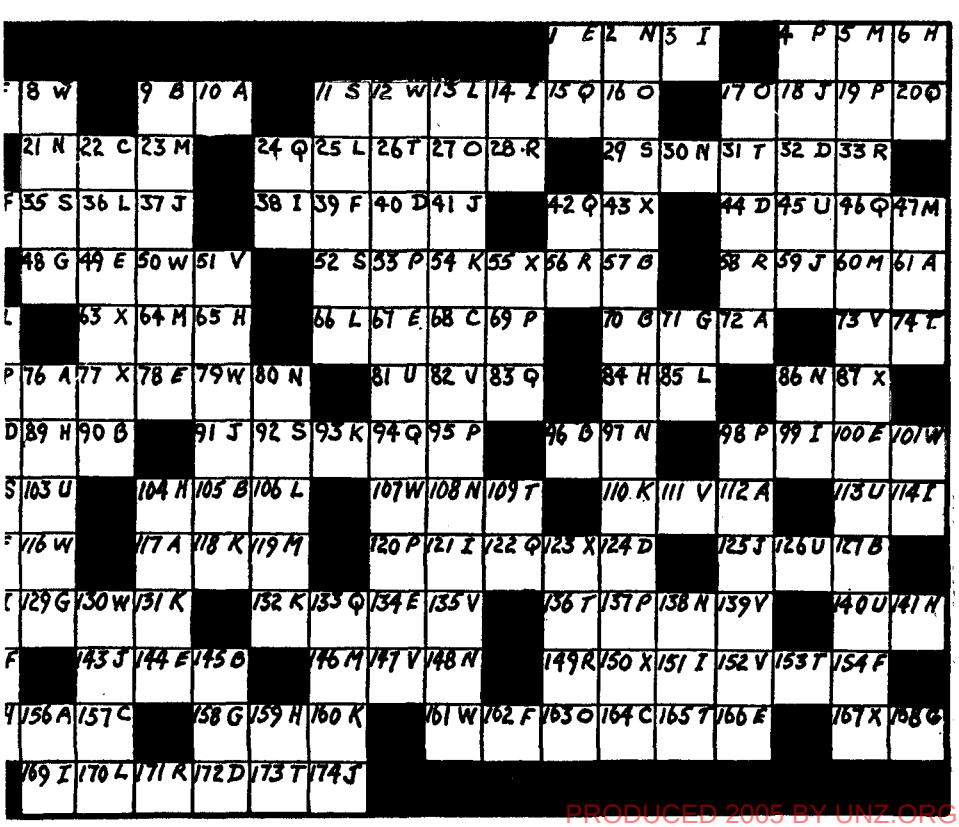
87 63 123 77 43 150 55 167

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

The solution of last week's *Double-Crostic* will be found on page 19 of this issue.



The Crostics Club

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

NOW and then a DCer accuses me of using the clichés of crossword puzzle-makers. As a matter of fact DC's, with the research not required in crosswords, keep me so busy that I do not have time to know what other puzzle-makers are using. But it would be most natural for both of us when confronted with an impasse to find an easy way out with a much-used word. There is, as far as I can see, nothing reprehensible in thus giving a puzzler a lift at the start.

Of the many kicks I get out of doing this column, not the least is the knowledge that it seems to act as a clearing-house of personalities. Lt. Col. John D. Kilpatrick, Honolulu, ex-high sheriff of the Territory, writes that the Mrs. Louise Bash, Palo Alto, whom I mentioned as enjoying the mix-up in #599, is none other than the Bertha Runkle whose "Helmet of Navarre" was a best seller in my youth, and whose husband is Major General Louis Bash, retired (1936) Quartermaster General of the Army.

Steven Byington's comment on the definition of *equality* for *owelty* as incorrect has brought the following from Orrin R. Judd, Brooklyn: "*Owelty* has no other meaning than *equality*. It is true that it is used narrowly, with *of*, in legal phrases, but that does not invalidate the definition of *equality*. Of course you have before you other dictionaries which confirm WNI, as follows": (here Mr. Judd quotes from Handy Law Dictionary, Ironside; Century Dictionary; Standard Dictionary). And from the law offices of R. H. Gillmore, Whittier, Cal., comes this: "Owelty is the boot which evens up the deal: that makes for equality—$10,000 paid as owelty." As for my definitions, I am limited in page space as to the extent to which I may go into details for clearer exposition. Except when a word is defined in terms of a derivative which would give it away, I never substitute for the definitions in the authorities I have selected from my years of experience. Hereafter, perhaps it would be well for you who disapprove to have it out rather with those authorities.

W. G. Gaffney, Chevy Chase, Md., takes issue with John Phelps from whose letter I quoted recently to the effect that Samuel Butler, author of "Erewohn," was palindrome-minded. For, writes Mr. Gaffney, *Yram* is not a palindrome. "A palindrome, strictly speaking (and why should we not interpret words strictly?), is a word, phrase, or sentence that reads the same backward as forward, from a couple of Greek words that mean to 'run again.'" And he cites the familiar examples, "Madam, I'm Adam" and "Able was I ere I saw Elba." According to WNI a palindrome may also be a word square. Mr. Gaffney's conception was always mine, too, from practice with those old-time *St. Nicholas* riddles.

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*SHE "TASTES" BOOKS

*HELEN BOWER
Literary Critic

"SOME BOOKS" wrote Bacon, "are to be tasted; others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested."

But our Helen Bower goes a little farther than Mr. Bacon suggested. Her job here at the Free Press is to "taste" 'em, "chew" 'em, "swallow" 'em, and then write about the result. Which implies that Miss Bower is our Literary Critic.

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The Detroit Free Press

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Every now

and then a writer unbuttons his vest and loosens his necktie, or maybe she takes down her back hair and kicks off her slippers and sets out to write a story with no motive in the world but to tell a story. It is really a very rare thing for a good writer to type for the joy of writing and for a good story teller to run on for the mere sensuous pleasure of telling a wonderful story. But that is what happened in the writing of I WILL BE GOOD.

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I WILL BE GOOD

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